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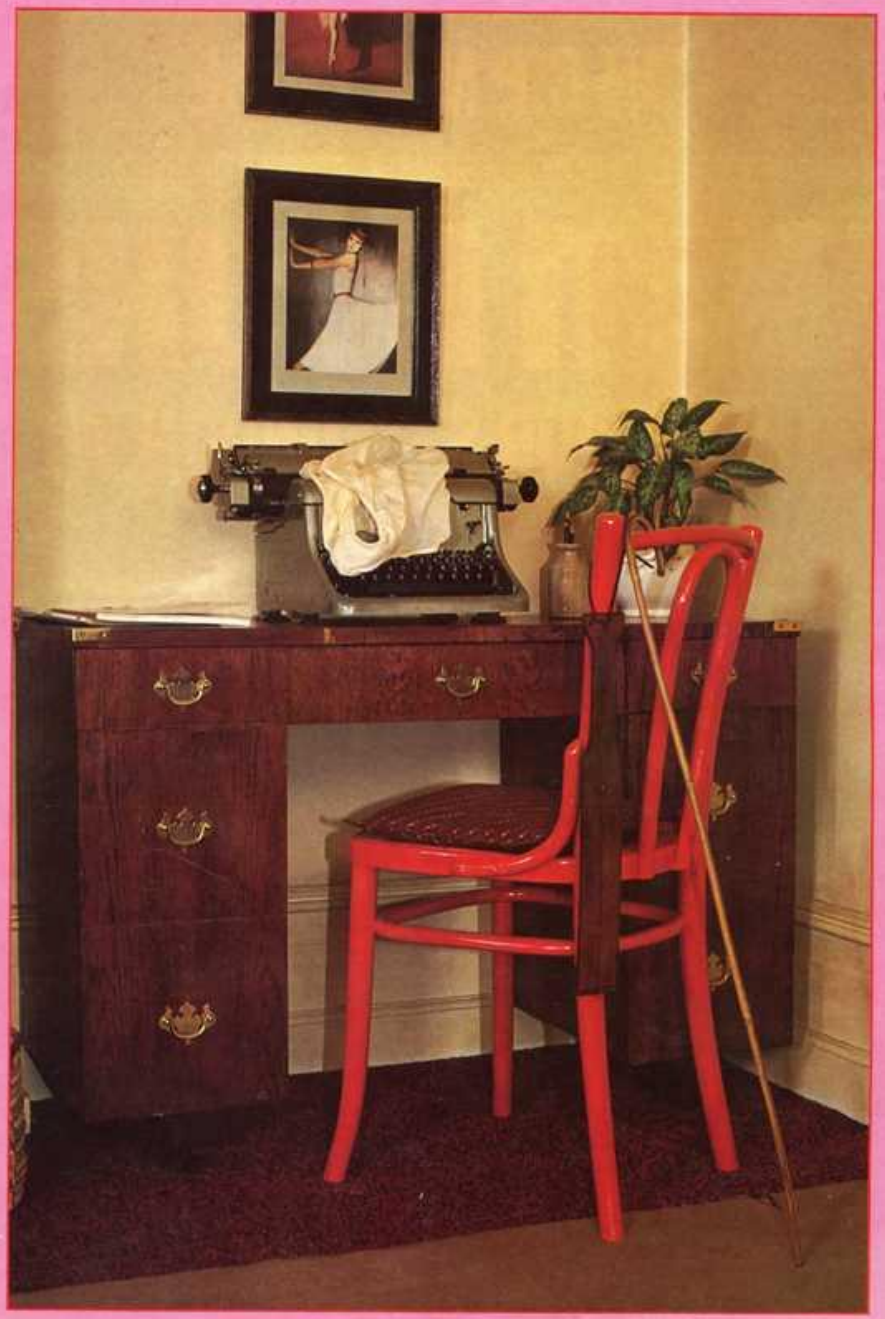

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University student turned schoolgirl . . . and Marie doesn't like it one little bit. See *That Reminds Me . . .* —this month's photo-story.

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SPANKERS' GALLERY

Sonia could never make her mind up what aspect of her visits to her Uncle Roland she hated the most. On the one hand there was the humiliation; on the other was the pain. Neither was pleasant, but as to which was the most unpleasant she just wasn't sure. What she *did* know, however, was that she would gladly go without either aspect of her dreaded visits, and longed for the day when, at long last, she would be spared the attentions of her mother's favourite brother. As each year passed; as she grew more and more mature; more and more a young woman rather than a girl, Sonia told herself that soon — very soon — her fortnightly 'sessions at Uncle's' would cease. She had been telling herself this since she was sixteen and in her final year at school. Now, aged nineteen — and just two months away from her twentieth birthday — her visits were just as frequent and showed no signs of coming to an end. Of course, it used not to be as bad when she was younger — after all, having to don school uniform at the age of sixteen or seventeen was quite normal. Now — no longer a school girl — she still had to put on a uniform of sorts — garments specially purchased by her Uncle, which were ridiculously too small for her.

It was always the same when Sonia called at Uncle Roland's — a ritual, if you like. There would be the question, "And how have you behaved this past two weeks, my girl?", to which she would reply "Very well, Uncle". Then he would state that that was not what her mother had told him. Then it would be, "Change into your uniform now, Sonia", and, reluctantly, she would follow his orders. Turning her back on him, she would divest herself of whatever she happened to be wearing at the time and, item by item, get into the tighter than tight outfit. She hated the blouse, for it made very obvious her ample young breasts, but this garment gave cause for nothing in the way of embarrassment when compared with the skirt. 'Skirt', in fact, didn't describe it particularly well, for it — even when tugged down as far as it would go — didn't even cover all of her white knickers.

Sonia's Uncle always began with two strokes to each of this niece's palms with his eighteen-inch thick wooden rule: one on the right, one on the left — then the right again; then the left. This never failed to bring about much rubbing under the armpits from the girl. Then it would be, "Stand in the corner, Sonia", and she would have to put her hands on her head with her face to the wall, only too well aware of what she must be putting on display.

Five minutes in the corner — her palms sweaty and throbbing — Sonia would be called into the centre of the room. During her time facing the wall, a kitchen stool would have been placed there, in the middle of the lounge, and it was this that she would be told to go over for the final — and by far the worst — part of her chastisement.

"Over you go, Sonia," Uncle Roland would say, and, ever so reluctantly, she would carry out the instruction, tugging futilely at the hem of the grey pleated skirt. There wasn't really any need for the back of the skirt to be lifted, as practically all of her beknickered bottom would already be on display. Nevertheless, the thin cotton garment would be turned back the inch or so necessary to put on show the entire seat of the white regulation school pants.

"Right, my girl," ratty Roland would then say. "I think we'll have these knickers down, shall we?" And, inch by inch, the skin-tight pants would be tugged down over her mature bottom.

Bent over the stool, her hands grasping the bar on the far side, her plumpish pink bum on full display, Sonia would await the hiding. Quite often she would be kept waiting like this for up to ten full minutes, then, inevitably, the time for her bottom warming would arrive.

Grasping an old size nine carpet slipper firmly in his right hand, Sonia's Uncle would position himself, judge his distance, take aim and then finally unleash the first of his niece's many wallops.

There would be a pause of about half-a-minute between each stinging stroke as Uncle Roland built up the tempo. Sonia would jump and wriggle about on the stool as each wallop landed with a 'Whhupp!' across her twitching and naked bottom. She would try her utmost not to let go of the bar as this results in extra strokes. Try as she might, though, at some time during the proceedings, a hand would come back in an effort to defend her rump. "That's one more," he would say as her hand returned to its proper place.

When the slippering had finished, Sonia would be told to get up and her Uncle would — caring soul that he was — inspect her trembling bottom. "You'll live," he'd exclaim and, with a pat on her right cheek, he would leave her to compose herself before changing back into her own clothes and joining him in the dining room for a refreshing glass of wine.

"Be a good girl," he would tell her as she left for home, with Sonia aware that no matter whether she behaved or not in the ensuing fortnight, her next visit would be identical to her last.

Walking with some stiffness along the tree-lined roads on her way home, Sonia would tell herself that it was the pain that she hated the most . . . or possibly the humiliation . . .

The Headmaster Lends A Hand

by Rebecca Walker

Lucy Millar's arrival at St Bede's Boys' Grammar school as the young Biology teacher was as dramatic as suddenly opening the doors of a monastery to women. Among the twenty or so teachers already there, only one was female. She was Miss Arnott—tall, grey-haired with nicotine stains on her gappy teeth, and always spoke in a masculine rumble. She wore mannish suits and brown brogues.

Lucy, fresh from college, was the antithesis of Miss Arnott. She was small, feminine, channelling her enthusiasm for the job into super-efficiency. She wore large glasses with delicate silver frames and had the disconcerting habit of sliding them down her nose during conversation to add emphasis to her words. The surprise of naked contact with her large intense cobalt-blue eyes had a distinctly unsettling effect on any male who thought he'd like to lose himself for a moment in those mesmeric blue pools.

On the first day of the autumn term Lucy arrive early to be personally welcomed by the school's Headmaster, George Adams—a tall thoughtful man in his late forties with fair hair liberally streaked with platinum. He had a warm, possessive handshake.

Thus was Lucy Millar greeted as she briskly stepped into Mr Adam's study and took her seat in front of his old mahogany desk which was dusty and rather neglected in appearance.

'She's very efficient,' thought Mr Adams as Lucy nimbly flicked her hands underneath her slim contour-hugging skirt, smoothing her seat before sitting down with a briskness which amused him.

For a moment both Headmaster and new teacher stared at each other with the cautiously-veiled interest that is always present at the meeting of a pretty young woman and a not unattractive man some twenty-five years her senior.

Lucy stared at him, wide-eyed and alert, positively bristling with enthusiasm while he explained the niceties of school policy and administration to her serious intense innocent little face.

Mischievously, he tried to distract her attention from his words; to make those piercing eyes blink at him—just once. He leant back heavily in his heavy oak chair which creaked lugubriously like a door opening in a horror film, but she did not twitch an eyelid; nor was there any sign of a smile. He picked up a ball-point pen and began clicking it loudly and rhythmically on the dull wooden desk top, proceeding with his Headmastery monologue all the while. There was a little crater in the polished wood which suggested that this was a favourite trick to confuse and embarrass his staff. It held the implication that he was growing a little impatient, and although he was a gracious man, had something better to do than pep-talk his teaching force, who after all, were not *that* important.

The effect was lost on Lucy. She had entered the musty chalk-smelling study with the kind of no-nonsense confidence that often frightens men.

George relaxed, feeling wistfull that it was 'all down to youth', and studied her closely. Her hair was piled on the top of her head and severely anchored with a good many pins, but George noticed that stray blonde wisps had escaped the tortuous bun and frothed about her forehead and cheeks quite engagingly. She was, he thought, trying to create the 'right image'. And very successfully too.

Absentmindedly he catalogued her other features. Small firm breasts nicely outlined under a slim-fitting pale blue cashmere jumper, delightfully tiny waist and . . . He leant forward to complete the picture but the desk blotted his vision. He would fill in the missing detail when she rose to go. At most he could only see her dainty hands crossed tidily in her lap, and the wrinkles of her shirt as it broached into tightness. That was a pity. George always did have a peculiar fondness for the female bottom.

'If you have any trouble with the boys during lessons, let me know,' he said.

'I don't forsee any, Sir,' she answered him politely and with evident surprise.

George sighed. No, he wouldn't mention the matter of her being an extremely pretty young woman in a school full of adolescent boys. No, he'd decided against it. A few weeks at St Bede's would soon take the edge off that rather

disconcerting confidence . . .

He found himself thinking that Miss Lucy Millar could be even more formidable than Miss Arnott if she chose. But damned attractive with it.

The assembly bell shrilled in the corridor outside and brought an end to the interview.

Lucy rose to go and the Headmaster was able to complete his appraisal of the young women. He was quite pleasantly taken aback by what he saw.

She was wearing a thin grey flannel skirt which was so tight that every curvaceous inch of her hips and beyond was revealed. As she turned her back on him to leave the room, the most erotic profile was revealed: a round girlish bottom, pertly prominent—even saucy in the obstinate retrousée angle it assumed when she stood up. George's eyebrows rose slowly in delighted surprise.

Lucy had the misfortune at that moment to trip . . . And George the fortune of being there to help her. As one of those stalk-like high heels caught the leg of the chair, she overbalanced all of a sudden and put her hands awkwardly on the chair arm to steady herself. For a brief moment, her body formed a perfect arc—with her bottom raised vulgarly at its zenith. George, having leapt to her side, felt a barely controllable urge to smack it.

Instead he placed his hands lightly on her hips, while Lucy got to her feet. He noticed that she was blushing quite profusely. He also noticed that her seams were crooked. Her seams! He looked again at the slender calves. Sure enough there were tell-tale wrinkles around her ankles and knees. She was wearing stockings!

George found this frivolous discovery quite intriguing. Somehow this revelation of secret femininity seemed to be rather at variance with her precise business-like manner. He was puzzled and excited . . .

A month had passed. Lucy settled in extremely well, proving to be an excellent teacher both in her method and the uncompromising discipline she employed. The boys adored her, worshipped and fantasised about her—but from a safe distance.

George Adams watched her closely. *Somewhere*, he decided, under that cool unflappable suit of armour she wore so convincingly, was a chink. Very soon he discovered just what that was . . .

One lunchtime, while buying his usual cigar, he bumped into Miss Millar in the newsagents near the school. She was standing in the corner, head bent; earnestly poring over a magazine. George approached and tapped her gently on the arm. She reacted as though she had been struck. With a strangled shriek she let the magazine fly out of her hands and it lay on the floor . . . vulgarly open at the centre pages.

In full colour staring up at them both was an expression of agony on the face of a girl . . . lying across a man's knees . . . (George couldn't believe it) dressed in a skimpy school skirt and blouse, yet so obviously a grown woman. George blinked and felt beads of tense perspiration breaking out around his collar. The girl in the picture was wearing blue gym-knickers in a tangle about her knees and—she was receiving the spanking of her life on her bare bottom!

The Headmaster did not know how to react for a full half minute. The open magazine seemed to claim his attention, yet he was aware of Lucy standing next to him, of the flustered distress of her hands, and the fact that she was shaking uncontrollably. He felt the sharp sickness of awakened desire. The poor girl's face was scarlet—she looked as though she had been caught in some criminal act. All her self-composure had vanished.

Mr Adams decided to save the situation—after all it seemed to him that it was suddenly, gloriously in his power to do so. Breathing heavily he picked up the magazine which flew open embarrasingly in several places before he had command of it.

He cleared his throat. 'Dear me . . . did this fall off the top shelf?' He bent to catch her expression.

Lucy couldn't look at him but muttered a strained 'yes' as he returned it to the said shelf.

'They're curious to look at now and again,' he continued airily, 'don't be too embarrassed, Miss Millar.'

Lucy shook her head, wanly smiled and, after mumbling an incoherent excuse, fled the shop. George stood there and watched her go, amazed at the transformation: far from looking like the assertive young woman he had come to know she now looked every inch a guilty schoolgirl.

For days after the event Lucy felt her cheeks burn at the mere sound of the Headmaster's approaching footsteps. She felt curiously under his power, knowing he had realised only too well that the spanking magazine she was poring over had not fallen into her hands by accident. And strangely enough she found the thought of their shared secret rather exciting . . .

Mr Adams noticed a difference in Lucy after the incident. Her once confident walk had shrunk to more of a scurrying about the school—he even caught her walking on tip-toe to avoid the loud assertive click of her high heels on the hard marble floors. Her hair tumbled down in a loose swirl from the severe little bun, making her look quite beautiful. George found that he only had to raise one questioning eyebrow for Lucy to begin to stammer in her replies to him; she blushed and felt helpless under his Headmasterly scrutiny.

One Sunday evening Mr Adams was walking in his local park, the sad decay of Autumn at his feet, when he saw her. Silhouetted on the hill in the dying light she stood with a dog on a lead, her hair flying madly about her in the determined wind. She wore a short jacket and a figure hugging pencil skirt.

'Miss Millar?' he shouted into the wind.

She looked up. Simultaneously the mongrel dog wrapped itself about her legs and effectively hobbled her. She couldn't see how to disentangle herself so George

went to help; crouching down to try to unravel the muddle. *She* was very embarrassed.

The lead had snaked around her thighs, clipping her skirt to her legs and drawing it furiously tight—drawing compulsive attention to her bottom. Somewhere among the tangle of girl and leash George found his hands roundly cupping her bottom-cheeks over her tight, tight skirt. She squirmed with pleasure.

Her curves were soft and pliant like a young girl's. He could feel the ripeness of each cheek and the intimate crack between them in his sensitive exploring fingers. This time his hands wandered uncontrollably down her flannel-clad thighs where he felt with a shudder the hardness of suspender buttons. Feeling her stockinged legs, so slim and so girlish, he suddenly imagined them clad in long white schoolgirlish socks, with little open-meshed sandals on her feet. He grew hot at the very thought.

They stood up. Lucy struggled to regain her composure as Mr Adams's hands swept lingeringly around her legs, pulling the lead free..

They parted. She was unable to look at him.

Lucy's work began to suffer. To everyone she appeared in a constant state of agitation. The Headmaster felt that she was wrestling with some deep inner problem, but he was extremely reluctant to quiz her about her private life. Pupils were beginning to take liberties with her. Standards had dropped.

Although Mr Adams knew he should confine thoughts about her to the job alone, fantasies filled his mind as to what she did after school. And pertinently—what he, George Adams, would like to do to her. Insidiously the old demon, that had caused him so many years of guilty anguish, had re-surfaced—all because he'd caught her looking at a spanking magazine! In his mind she, Lucy Millar, was the schoolgirl on the centrefold and he, George Adams, Headmaster of St Bede's, was the strict disciplinarian. It wasn't long afterwards that Lucy convinced him of what she *really* needed—the day he caught her buying a school uniform.

Rothwells department store, one Saturday, found him languidly wandering through schoolwear. He hadn't the faintest idea of what he was doing, except that a strange wistful longing stirred dully in his mind at the sight of row upon row of schoolgirl gym-slips and blazers.

It was then that he saw her; leaning over the small glass-fronted counter with her now all-too-familiar smackable bottom delicately elevated as she stood on one high heel, curling her other stockinged foot nervously up and down her calf.

On the counter lay a grey pleated gymslip with a red games girdle, blouse and tie, school cardigan and, topping the lot, a pair of soft navy cotton knickers.

Mr Adams knew instinctively that the uniform was for *her*, Lucy Millar, and not some imaginary niece or for a fancy dress party, although they were probably the reasons she'd given to the assistant.

The time had come to take the matter of Miss Millar firmly in hand . . .

That evening he went to the park as usual. He had hoped to see Lucy again but there was no sign of her so he left in disappointment.

As he neared the park gates a young woman rushed past him, with a familiar dog snapping at her heels. She was gasping—no, she was crying. And it was Lucy Millar.

Forgetting his position, forgetting everything but her, George pursued the hurrying girl until she disappeared into a tiny upstairs maisonette. With a thumping heart and his mind in a turmoil he waited for five minutes before knocking at the door.

Agonising seconds dragged by. It appeared that she wasn't going to answer. Then a crack appeared and slowly the door inched open.

Lucy stood, dressed in a pretty white blouse and long tight skirt with fluffy mules on her feet. Her hair was loose around her shoulders, her face streaked and red with crying.

'Miss Millar, is something wrong?'

She stood aside and he walked into her flat.

'My boyfriend has just left me,' she said in between sniffs.

George was silent. Suddenly he felt a pang of irrational jealousy. He didn't know about the boyfriend.

They sat down together on the settee. George looked about him—the room had a chaotic disorder that pleased him. She had a large collection of teddy bears and foreign dolls—little girls' things. Quite at odds with the assertive brisk young madam he knew at school.

Lucy stood up and went into her bedroom.

'He left me because I bought this . . .' and to Mr Adam's astonishment she returned holding out a grey pleated gym-slip. She was obviously so upset that she no longer cared what she said and to whom. Except that she was telling her Headmaster. And he wanted to hear every word . . .

Standing there in her bedroom doorway with her wet face was Lucy Millar the teacher, looking every inch Lucy the schoolgirl. Holding out the gym slip with a pathetic gesture, asking for sympathy . . . asking for approval . . . just begging to be spanked!

A delicious state of arousal flowed through his body, and something of his excited state reached Lucy. She stopped crying and stood wide-eyed looking at him. Then a blush crimsoned her cheeks.

Mr Adams sat on the edge of the sofa, all the while trying with his eyes to communicate his desire to punish the naughty junior mistress severely.

But he couldn't very well grab the girl and tell her in no uncertain terms, 'Lucy Millar, I'm going to give you the spanking you deserve.' No he couldn't do that. He wasn't sure either whether it was purely fantasy on her part. How would she feel with his large mature palm descending on her gym-knickered rump time and time again?

'I don't see what is wrong with you buying a school uniform,' he said as evenly as possible. 'There's no harm in it.' He looked down at the space between them and then directly into her wide-open eyes. 'Didn't your boyfriend like you in it?' he asked softly.

'No . . . he said I . . .' she faltered.

'I would have.'

Lucy shook. Mr Adams had never seen a girl so visibly moved. He'd read about it, of course, in those magazines.

As Lucy seemed to have lost the power to speak or move, Mr Adams knew that this was the moment to take total and supreme control over the young woman. And it was Oh! so easy!

He looked at her and said firmly as if he were talking to a little child, 'Now, Lucy—Go and put your uniform on for me . . . Go on.'

Lucy turned obediently and went into her bedroom. It was as if she had become totally possessed by Mr Adams's words, having sloughed her willpower like a teased-away skin.

There was silence, as if for a brief moment she was thinking about the enormity of what she was doing, then a rustle as she took the uniform from the carrier.

Mr Adams removed his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. Then he looked around the room for a suitable chair . . .

'How are you doing Lucy? Are you ready yet?' he asked in deliberately low tones.

A muffled voice was his answer; she was pulling on the jumper.

'Have you any long white socks?' The voice was harsh, headmasterly.

'Yes, Mr Adams.' There was barely concealed excitement in her voice.

'Then put them on!' he commanded, and added, 'make sure you are wearing the proper sandals too.'

He sat on the chair in the middle of the room, having pushed the sofa back against the walls. And he'd discovered a spotlight too, which he adjusted so that it would shine on the chair . . . on his lap . . . on Lucy Millar's deliciously spankable girlish bottom!

He found in his intense excitement that his eyes kept fixedly returning to trivial details about the room: the pattern-repeats on the wallpaper, the shiny gold hands of the clock . . . following each jerky second hand movement round and then . . .

She was there. Shy, blushing; treading her way tentatively toward him as if she was temporarily blind and didn't know the room.

Mr Adams's mouth felt sloe-dry. With excitement his lips had become snarling tight.

My God! What a sight she was!

'Stand in front of me Lucy. I want to inspect your uniform.'

As though in a trance, Lucy obeyed him.

Mr Adams's eyes ran leisurely, lasciviously over her womanly body, clad so provocatively in schoolgirl clothes. Hair loose, in two bunches. Earrings.

'Take those earrings off!' he snapped. 'No jewellery in school!'

Her trembling hands flew to her ears and she removed them, dropping them into his outstretched palm.

'No make-up I see . . . Good . . . One point in your favour—not that it will help you, *Miss* Millar!'

She wore a white school blouse and a grey cardigan under the gym-slip, which were too small and drew delicious attention to her heaving breasts. He'd check later on whether she was wearing a bra or not. He suspected that she wasn't.

The gym-slip ended half-way down her thighs . . . Nice . . . Very nice indeed. He ordered her to turn around slowly.

'Bend over and touch your toes!' he snapped authoritatively. 'I want to check if you're wearing the regulation navy knickers,' he finished, drawing out the syllables of the work 'knickers' with undisguised relish.

Lucy, trembling, did as she was told. Down went her slender little hands, sliding over her long white socks on her calves, until she was touching her ankles. What an exruciating position to be in! And how dreadful to be told by her Headmaster!

The gym-slip had risen with a slow magic—up, up over the pinchable, squeezable softness of her thighs, bare and talcum-smooth. Up and over the crown of her buttocks where if flared over their fullness until the pleats jutted out like a stage curtain above the stage. Where George Adams's eyes were greedily focused on the vulgar exhibition of her comely navey-knickered bottom. There was a dark stain seeping through the gusset already. He leant forward and tested with a finger. She was wet all right!

'Disgusting,' he said throatily, smelling the heat and the juice from her, while enjoying her mortified squirming.

He turned her—simultaneously pulling her back until she was standing in front of him. Her knees touched his knees.

Dumbly, her face flushed with shame, Lucy listened to the Headmaster's lecture.

'. . . and to crown everything, I catch my young Biology teacher gloating over a magazine,' he paused to add emphasis to his next words, 'a magazine where wicked, naughty girls get what they deserve. A jolly good spanking!'

Mr Adams pulled Lucy down onto his wide lap. She, weak from the excitement of being shouted at and lectured, almost floated onto his knees like the fluid descent of a feather. She was light and small and schoolgirlish, and she was his very naughty, about-to-be-punished school mistress!

SMACK!!!

Lucy's legs and arms flopped onto the floor as she made a perfect arc across his lap. The heavy contact of his decisive palm was only on her delectable rear, yet its effects sizzled through her body, making her nerves as taut as telephone wires buzzing with messages.

SMACK!!! SMACK!!! SMACK!!!

More messages reached her brain and she wriggled . . .

She was hardly aware of what was happening. Mr Adams lifted up her gym-slip skirt and neatly laid it back above her waist.

His warm male hands cupped her bottom-cheeks, squeezing and

kneading each one in turn. His fingers poked indecently down her bum-cleft, forcing the navy cotton into a kind of valley in between. He continued poking and pushing his humiliating finger down, down, into the deep cleft beyond . . . and massaged the sticky wet cotton stain until she writhed uncontrollably. The thigh hems of her knickers were wetting with perspiration.

SMACK!!! SMACK!!! SMACK!!! Heavier and harder, punishing and determined.

She made no sound. Her face was flushed, her forehead beaded, her ears ringing from the pumping, pumping in them, and from the fly-swatting spanks on her bottom.

'I shall punish you,' he said, his voice rising to an angry crescendo.

Sudden silence.

'Get up, Millar!' he bellowed.

Lucy awkwardly clambered off his knees, feeling her knickered, spanked bottom gingerly.

'Millar!' Mr Adams's voice rose and fell with subtle sarcasm, 'you aren't showing *any* signs of repentance are you?'

Lucy's toes curled involuntarily. She had not the courage to look him in the eye.

'I'm afraid I'm going to insist that you take your knickers *down*!'

Lucy looked at him with enormous eyes. Dare she? Should she?

He was her *Headmaster*!

'Mr Adams . . .'

'Don't interrupt girl—do it!' he snapped, taking her hands and placing them on the waistband of her knickers. But the gym-slip was in the way and so it had to come off. Silently he turned her like a frozen ballerina and unzipped the back of the gym-slip, eased it from her shoulders and let it slip into a grey puddle at her feet.

Then he turned her round so that she was facing him and took her hands . . . pulling them down to his hot crotch where her finger closed obediently around his erection . . .

With her body bent towards him, her hands moving all the while . . . he lifted his own hands and put them in the waistband of her school pants, peeling the navy cotton down and away from her scented naked buttocks.

Down they came. He savoured it with a slow deliberate motion—rolling the soft cotton between finger and thumb and then easing it, controlling it, down over her nubile pink and white bottom.

Roughly—angry because at that moment she took her hands away from his trousers—he jerked her down over his knee. Her naked bottom was well stuck-up. The knickers rolled down to her calves of their own accord and stopped there.

Like a hungry man savouring a feast, he looked at every part of her nakedness; the gentle girlish curve of her bottom-cheeks, the saucy brown curls of pubic hair peeping from between her tightly closed legs.

Then he began to spank her—his wicked 'model schoolmistress'—on her bare, on her naked bottom.

Lucy had no idea that the 'punishment' was going to be as painful as her Headmaster seemed so determined that it should be. He had taken such command of the situation that she felt she could do or think nothing except obey him. 'The Headmaster is feeling my naked bottom,' she kept repeating to herself—'he's spanking me!' and with that mnemonic she forced herself to believe that this was *not* unreality, that she really *was* being punished in a thoroughly childish and humiliating manner.

In between the hardest bottom-smacks he could muster, George Adams tilted her so that he could rub her pink erect clitoris—already streaming with moisture. As the heat on Lucy's bottom grew, she clenched her cheeks together in a futile effort to ease the pain. She began to wish very much that she wasn't being spanked after all.

That sudden realisation meant George Adams was truly spanking her against her will. How *extremely* embarrassing! There was no getting away from it—or from the fire he was stoking on her bottom.

She began to squeal through clenched teeth but then, as the slaps came one after another in the same *very* sore place, she cried out 'Oh! Stop it! Pl-ea-se!' and mewed with increasing distress.

George Adams was going to do no such thing until *he* was satisfied that she had been punished entirely to *his* liking.

'Next time I'll bring my cane, young madam—and I'll thrash you with all the strength I have in my body,' he hissed.

'Oh! My poor bottom. Oh! Ooh! Please, I'm *sorry*,' Lucy yelled. Mr Adams only seemed to smack her all the more.

Suddenly there was an explosion of tears. She threw back her head and sobbed like a baby.

He pushed her off his lap and onto the floor. The naughty schoolmistress lay at her Headmaster's feet.

Still sobbing, Lucy felt his hands lift her up and smooth her well-spanked buttocks. With a voice of acid hardness he told her to take off her jumper and blouse.

She was naked apart from the long white socks. The sweat from her wriggling mingled with her perfume and trickled down between her bare breasts.

George pushed her over to a corner of the room and positioned the spot-light onto the young woman standing there, rubbing the reddest bottom he'd every seen.

'Put your hands on your head!' he thundered.

Delicious . . . The spot-light played up and down the creamy whiteness of her back, the raw rude crimson of her bottom. The posture so like that of a truant schoolgirl made to stand in the corner with her hands on her head. Very humiliating to be stared at.

He stood behind her, smoothing her body and marvelling at the heat coming from her bottom.

Then, like a doll-ballerina, Lucy walked stiffly to her bedroom—propelled urgently by Mr Adams. The Headmaster of St Bede's Boys Grammar had one hand on her burning flanks, the other on the zip of his trousers.

Biology teacher she might be, but tonight he'd taught her a thing or two about Bilogy she wouldn't find in any textbook.

A Collector Recommends...

What follows is a letter received at our offices recently from B.M. of Essex. In it he refers to some interesting films and reading material which include CP scenes. I hope that you find it entertaining and that you seek out the works mentioned. I also hope – seconding B.M.'s wish – that further such letters come our way in the future, enabling us to make a regular feature of this type of information. So, if you know of any films or publications that may be of interest to your fellow readers, please drop us a line. – Ed.

Below are some details of four films and three books which should be of some interest to fellow *Roue* readers. First the films.

COUNTRY GIRLS (shown on Ch.4, 1984)

Two late-teenage schoolgirls – caught imbibing the Communion wine – are sent for punishment to the Mother Superior of their Convent School. In her study, witnessed by each other and a teacher, ensues a most authentic strapping of the girls. Regretably only administered across carefully positioned outstretched palms, the atmosphere of the study and close-ups of palms, strap and faces almost makes up in realism what is lacking by it being a 'non-bottom' chastisement.

VANESSA (available on cassette, released in the 1970's)

The film starts with seventeen-year-old Vanessa being marched from her Convent School dormitory to the Mother Superior's study. Her offence? Showing around a pornographic book! The excitement mounts when she is told she will be punished, and acknowledgement from our heroine that she knows what her punishment will be confirms that a dose of CP is due. But alas, our heroine is informed that she must leave the school immediately to comfort a bereaved relative as a priority over her chastisement. One hour later into the film the viewer is not disappointed a second time, though. In flash-back form, illustrating to a friend how CP was administered at her school, we observe what is presumed to be an earlier tanning for Vanessa. A close-up of Mother Superior taking down a martinet develops to a wide-angle scenario of Vanessa, with teacher standing by a table. Each of the Headmistress's instructions are succinctly given and obeyed; "Turn round", "Bend over", "Lift up her skirt", "Take down her panties". It is just as these brief knickers are being slowly removed by teacher that the scene ends. However, lots of atmosphere helps one forgive the censor for not allowing the thrashing itself to be shown.

CUTTING IT SHORT (BBC2, September 1984)

A 1980 Czech film about a young girl's amusing exploits with her weird and crazy brother-in-law. A warning that CP is lurking when, after fooling about climbing a tall chimney, the young lady is told, "You should be spanked". She instantly and impudently enquires, "On the bare bottom?" Nothing happens, however, until the film's conclusion, when the young lady, played by *Magda Vasaryova,* infuriates her husband by having her long hair cut short. Having cycled to greet hubby, who is with other pals in the street, she finds him not best pleased. Unclipping her cycle pump, he removes the thin inflator tube from its end then, having folded the tube double, slowly turns young Vanessa round until her back is towards him, lifts her long skirt up to her shoulders and then, having revealed a pair of most attractively filled tight white knickers, followed by slim thighs topped with garters, bends her over the handlebars, grips her and sets about administering a resounding thrashing with the whippy implement. The scene features shots of facial reactions as well as a close-up of Magda's bottom flexing under the thin panties. After seventeen(!) strokes, Magda attempts to reach behind her to lower her pants to receive the makeshift whip on her bare bottom(!!), but hubby stops the whacking and they cycle away.

FRANK & I (1983)

Based on the novel – but for obvious reasons only featuring about 4% of the amount of CP that the book covers – this has four CP scenes overall. The three best being Frank (really a young girl in disguise called Frances) caught in the library of a gentleman who has taken her to his home. Telling her she is to be punished, he picks up a riding crop, tells her to take down her trousers and bend over a chair. She pleads, "Not on the bare bottom", but eventually lowers the trousers and bends over. Her shirt-tail is lifted back, her knickers unfastened and lowered, and a short three stroke thrashing follows. At dinner that night she complains that her bottom is sore and that she finds sitting very difficult. In flash-back we also see young Frances getting a sound bare-bottom slippering from a woman whilst bending over a bed, and, for disobeying her guardian's instructions not to see a certain boy, she receives a thrashing bending over a settee.

The three books currently available in paperback are the aforementioned *Frank & I, The Adventures Of Dolly Morton* and *A Man With A Maid.*

So many spankings, canings and birchings are featured throughout these books that it is easier to purchase them than to take up valuable magazine space on synopsis, but *The Adventures Of Dolly Morton* is particularly well written.

All three are published by 'Star', and publication dates and prices in order are as follows: 1983 at £1.95; 1984 at £1.95 and 1982 at £1.60.

Let us hope other readers contributions flow in to make this a more regular feature of *Roue* . . .

THAT REMINDS ME...

It was with a good deal of trepidation that Marie arrived to stay for a couple of days at the home of her elder sister. Her mother had deemed such a visit necessary due to the girl's recent behaviour. Marie had not heeded the many warnings as to what might befall her should her wilful flaunting of the University's rules continue unabated. With the hierarchy's final warning ringing in her ears because of her most recent straying from the straight and narrow, Marie was sent home, suspended for a week, and had to face the wrath of her bewildered parent. The one and only aspect of this unfortunate situation that the girl could console herself with was the fact that her father was no longer around to deal with her waywardness. Without question he would have thrashed her for her sins – action that she felt certain her mother would not resort to. There was of course the inevitable lecture – at least *that* was endurable. What she found hard to take, though, were her mother's tears. She embraced the distraught woman, promising her that her ways would be mended; that no further trouble would ensue; that she would return to University following her suspension and get down to her studying. Her mother had heard it all before.

Marie's assurances fell on deaf ears. The time for action had arrived, and a visit to the girl's elder sister was arranged.

The morning of the first day at the young woman's home in West London was pleasant enough. After unpacking, Marie was allowed to do more or less as she pleased, and took full advantage of this unexpected freedom. At about noon, however, this happy-go-lucky atmosphere was brought to an abrupt halt when the girl – whiling away the time in the back garden – was summoned to the house. She left the goldfish pond and made her way up the steps leading to the French windows of her sister's bedroom. A sinister cloud hung over her – reminding her of the old days: the days when, for the slightest error of her ways, she would be taken over a parental knee or put over the foot of her parents' bed for chastisement. But this was the bedroom of her sister, Heather, not her strict father. Marie knew, though, that some of her dad's punctiliousness and his beliefs with regard to the upbringing of youngsters had rubbed off on Heather. She had often aired her views on this subject, informing young Marie that the only punishment that delinquent juveniles understood was *corporal* punishment; that a good old-

fashioned dose of discipline was the only answer to the behaviour of "the young scallawags one hears about so often nowadays". Sister or no, Marie was experiencing a strange and frightening feeling — a feeling which told her that — even at the mature age of eighteen — *she* was about to undergo such treatment.

Nôt a word was spoken. Marie found herself being led to the end of the dressing table, her arms being thrust out in front of her so that they rested on the polished top. The next things she was aware of was a sharp stinging sensation in her out-thrust bottom — then another. "I'll teach you to make mother's life a misery," Heather spat, as slap after slap fell onto the tight seat of her younger sister's black trousers. "I'll teach you to have anything to do with fornication and drug taking, my girl." Marie began to feel the smacks now as Heather brought her palm down with most of her might. The anxious girl was glad of the protecton of her skin-tight trousers, but after a few more swipes at her rear-end these were taken down, clearing her bottom for attention to the seat of her scarlet-coloured nylon knickers. Half-a-dozen spanks ensued before Heather told Marie to get onto her bed. "Kneel and put your hands on the headrest," she instructed the girl. "You're too grown-up for a nursery-type spanking ... I have something here that will better suit you bottom."

With that — and with her sister clambering onto the bed and getting herself into the required position — Heather opened the top drawer of the dressing table and took out a leather two-tailed tawse. Marie cast a sideways glance at her sister, her mouth dropping open in surprise upon seeing the implement — an implement which looked strangely familiar.

Eyeing her sister's look of disbelief, Heather turned and stood at one side of the bed, the tawse held tightly and menacingly in her right hand. "Bring back memories, does it?" she asked. "Well it should ... Father beat your naughty backside with it often enough." Marie looked long and hard at the strip of leather. "Yes," Heather said, "It's the very same one ... Mother has passed it down to me ... She thinks I will make good use of it ... Mother's a good judge."

Heather placed the tawse on the bed and set about re-warming Marie's knicker-clad bottom with her hand. The girl winced as the punishing palm fell time and time again onto the seat of her pants, and gasped with a mixture of surprise and pain when the occasional smack landed on the tops of her bare thighs.

Gripping onto the headboard so hard that her knuckles turned white, she took the hiding as well as she could. Having her sister punish her in this way was hard enough; to act like a little child under punishment would be mortifying for her, and would be something about which she would be reminded everytime she saw Heather. Marie knew only too well from the times she had cried when under her father's chastisements that her sister found such a reaction as pathetic; as proof positive that she was just a kid — a little kid unable to take her medicine as any grown-up young lady would.

The inevitable happened before very long. Marie's nylon pants were tugged down over her bottom to the tops of her legs, and the spanking continued on the bare. The pain now was far more discernible; far more sharp. Marie breathed hard as her naked buttocks underwent a torrent of stinging smacks.

"Right!" Heather barked, "roll over onto your back."

Marie obeyed, her mind most confused at this latest instruction. Had her

punishment come to an end? And what about the tawse? Wasn't she to receive it after all?

Heather took hold of her sister's knickers and dragged them down the girl's legs, over her feet and off. Kneeling on the bed with her left knee and positioning herself in close proximity to the girl, she grasped Marie's ankles and drew her legs up so that her feet rested upon her left shoulder. This afforded the young woman a different access to her sister's bottom. It also rendered any attempts at avoiding the slaps practically impossible. Her arm swung down and a loud 'Slapp!!' resounded about the small room. Marie emitted a soft, barely audible yelp as her ever-reddening rump took yet another sisterly smack.

This new and somewhat strange position was to prove most unpopular with Marie. Apart from the fact that she was almost totally immobile, her bottom — unlike when she had been bending over in the more traditional fashion — had now lost its tautness, and the smacks that fell seemed far more painful than before. Also, it was far easier for her sister to rain slaps down onto the tops of her thighs — areas she knew only too well from her past hidings that were very tender indeed.

With one last stinging swipe to the very tops of her sister's thighs — a slap that left four finger-marks no sooner than it had landed — Heather stood back and let Marie's legs flop down onto the bed.

The sniffing, whimpering girl lay quite still as she eyed her sister take hold of the strap, curling it around her wrist and letting the tails flick back — a gesture intended to remind Marie of the implement's suppleness. No such reminder was needed, though. It was only eighteen months since Marie's father had used it upon her, and the memory of that occasion was forever embedded into her mind. Never would she forget the dozen, full-bloodied strokes that she received on that Sunday afternoon after lunch. Gazing up at the strip of leather, Marie wished she had taken heed of her mother's and the University's warnings as to her behaviour. All of this could have been avoided.

"Back up as you were," Heather ordered as she looked down at the girl. "Come on, we might as well get it over with."

Slowly, Marie obeyed, kneeling on the bed and grasping hold of the headboard. Her sister wrapped her left arm around the girl's waist whilst lifting the tawse high up into the air.

Down it came with a sickening 'Swashh!' and landed right across the very centre of the naked buttocks. Marie let out a yell. She had told herself that she wouldn't make a fuss, but the strap — as had always been the case when her muscular father administered it to her — brought to her bottom a pain that had to be met with some sort of reaction.

For a second time the strip of pliant leather sped downwards and onto her backside. A second after it landed Marie emitted another — more shrill — yell. It was *so* hard to remain quiet while under her father's favourite instrument of punishment.

Heather got into a rhythm, and before long her sister's bottom was undergoing a veritable torrent of strokes. On receipt of one particular stroke — to the top of her right thigh — Marie's hands left the head board and she attempted to put them to her burning rear. This was thwarted, and her sweating palms returned to their right place.

After a long pause the strap flew through the air and bit into Marie's flesh yet again. The girl's cries were far more audible now; far more heart-felt. The hiding was really getting through to her. Gone now were all her attempts at taking her medicine in silence.

Heather waited in between each stroke for her sister's contortions to slow down and then stop before the next one was laid upon the quivering girl's buttocks. Marie's sharp intakes of breath followed by her squeals as the leather met her flesh told the young woman that she was carrying out her task well.

She stood upright and surveyed her sister's buttocks, silently commending herself for the excellent job she had done. Grasping the tawse tighter than ever in her hand, she spoke.

"You are to receive three more, Marie," she informed her hapless sister. "If you take them well there should be no need for any extra."

Marie enhaled deeply as the awesome length of leather was raised for the first of her final strokes. She stared at the bedroom wall, not wishing to witness the falling of the implement. She heard 'Swashh!' as it was brought down and then, a split-second later, felt the terrible sting as her bottom was once again treated to a full-blooded whack. She let out a cry, followed by an impassioned

plea. Heather, though, was having nothing to do with it. Two more had been promised, and two more would be administered despite the girl's wailings.

The next stroke bit home across the centremost part of her juddering backside, causing Marie to fling her arms back to try to put them to her burning hindquarters. Her wrists were grabbed hold of and thrust back into position on the top of the bed's headboard.

For the final stroke, Heather stood back further and raised the strap high into the air. After measuring her distance with great care she sped the tawse downwards and it wrapped around the lower, most fleshy region of Marie's proffered bottom. The girl sqealed in pain, then began to sob quite convulsively . . . even more so when her sister announced that she had earned herself one extra for attempting to rub her stinging rear.

Marie clenched her cheeks together tightly, then, as the tawse descended, relaxed the muscles so that her sister's final stroke fell right across the middle of her naked buttocks, wrapping around it and striking the top of her right thigh.

The girl emitted a yell that paled her previous cries into insignificance. She begged her sister to stop, saying that she could take no more; that she had been punished enough.

"I agree," Heather said, ". . . for the moment, that is." And she returned to the tawse to its drawer.

Heather was just about to close the drawer when she espied a small pile of clothing in one corner. The events of the previous minutes had quite made her forget about these garments – Marie's old school uniform, the one in which she was more often than not punished by her father when he was alive. Heather was only too well aware how her sister despised wearing these clothes; how childlike and uncomfortable she felt back in her schooldays when she was made to don them. Picking up the neat pile of freshly-laundered and ironed garments, she turned to face her sister.

"While you are here," she began, "you are to wear these."

"But . . !

"Do not interrupt me, Marie," her sister bawled. "It is my wish and the wish of mother's that you are returned to a state of schoolgirl childishness. Your behaviour recently has been that of a stupid child, so you will be dressed like one . . . and be punished like one . . . Perhaps this will serve to teach you a lesson you'll not forget in a hurry. Behave like a naughty little kid, and you will be treated like one. Understood?" Marie nodded. "Good," Heather chirped, "I'm glad we understand each other."

She handed the school clothes to the girl, Marie accepting them with great reluctance. Observing them more closely, she realised that, indeed, they were her own, and was surprised that her mother had held onto them. Perhaps Heather had suggested it, invisaging the need for them in the future. Whatever the case, the uniform – the bane of her teens – was now laying in her hands, with the order for it to be worn for her stay here at her sister's home.

"Go on, girl . . . Put it on," Heather commanded. Marie put the clothes down on the bed. "I'll leave you now," her sister announced. "I have to go into town for a couple of hours. Be sure that you are suitably attired when I return." With that, she left and seconds later the front door was heard to slam shut.

Marie looked down at the clothes and decided she had better get on with it. How she hated these school clothes. She had detested them throughout her young life – especially in her late-teens. Now, at eighteen, she had once more to bedeck herself in the blue and white of her old school. It was all so . . . so . . . mortifying.

Her earlier disrobing had left Marie in just her cotton top, and this she drew slowly up over the breasts and head until she stood naked in the room. She placed the shirt neatly down on the bed – mindful of her sister's opinions regarding tidyness.

She stood, hands clasped behind her, eyeing the garments on the bed – dreading having to put them on. Eventually – thinking that her sister might be back any moment despite the two hours she had said she would be, and all too aware of what would befall her if she wasn't 'suitably attired' – Marie sorted through the clothes and found a pair of regulation white knickers. They had to be a new pair, she mused, as she very much doubted that her mother would have held onto a worn pair. She checked

them. They were a size too small – just the size that would have fitted her as a sixteen-year-old.

She stepped into them and drew them up her legs and then over her hips and bottom, until they fitted into place – a trifle more snuggly than she would have liked. The white knee-length socks appeared to be a new acquisition too. These she pulled on, drawing them up to just below her knees where they stayed, tightly encircling her legs.

She then took up the vest – again a new garment, she thought. On closer inspection, though, she found that it was in fact one of her old ones. Since she had last worn it Marie had grown appreciably in the breast department, and the garment fitted her like a second skin.

She put on the blouse – definitely one of her old ones – and buttoned it up, happy to hide the swell of her young, firm breasts through the thin cotton material of the ridiculous vest.

Next came the skirt. She fastened it around her, aware that it too was a garment she had worn before. She then sat down on the edge of the bed and put her head in her hands. Now she felt every bit the naughty schoolgirl. Being attired in her much-hated school uniform had seen to that. The throbbing from her bottom, tightly encased in the knickers, also gave her the feeling of being a child again. She felt small, stupid and above all very, very naughty.

The transformation was complete. Between them, her mother and sister had succeeded in converting her back to the very epitome of schoolgirl pulchritude. An eighteen-year-old University student into a naughty, penitent teenager. A sore bottom and an old school uniform had done the trick. Marie not only looked the part, but felt it. It was just as if she had been caught in a time-warp; the last two years simply melting away. Marie the University student had become Marie the mischievous schoolgirl. And she didn't like it one little bit.

Cont.on page 30

The Schoolgirl Wife

(an occasional series)

Part One: French Dictation

by William Brampton

I am a very lucky man. I am married to a beautiful girl, Annette, considerably younger than myself.

The age difference is a terrifically exciting factor in our emotional and sexual relationship. Annette looks up to me as someone older and wiser, someone to be respected and obeyed, someone who'll stand no nonsense. She's happy and secure in the knowledge that should she step out of line she can rely on me to bring her to book in no uncertain manner.

I in turn derive enormous pleasure from exerting my natural male dominance over her, as well as from the fact that not only does my Annette *behave* like a naughty schoolgirl—she looks like one too!

People never believe her when she tells them she's 28, and she's still frequently mistaken for a teenager. This can sometimes prove a disadvantage—for instance when landlords in pubs refuse to serve her, thinking she's under-age!

Annette's small, but nicely rounded, with an adorably prominent little bottom. Long tumbling dark hair, big hazel eyes, sweet little nose, and an infinitely kissable, warm mouth forever mobile with verbal and wordless mischief—in other words, a sassy sexy little imp!

Early on in our relationship I decided to capitalise on Annette's girlish looks by dressing her up in appropriately schoolgirlish garments. Annette, much to my delight, reacted as enthusiastically to the idea as I did. White, cream and pale-blue school blouses, blazers, cardigans, assorted school ties, ridiculously short little navy-blue and grey pleated skirts, white knee-socks and ankle-socks—Annette soon gathered together quite a wardrobe-full of absolutely authentic school uniforms.

Genuine schoolgirl underwear, too, consisting of pretty little white cotton vests and an amazingly extensive array of 'proper' school knickers, including thick cotton navy-blue, bottle-green—even grey—gym knickers, as well as several pairs of demurely innocent white aertex pants—the latter perhaps my all-time favourites if I really had to choose. Annette and I had great fun tracking down and purchasing all the various items of schoolwear, in fact we became quite obsessive about it all.

Dressed in these garments, her long dark hair tied up in bunches or pigtails, Annette uncannily looks every inch a sweetly blushing schoolgirl—although in reality her schooldays ended over ten years ago.

But there's more to it than that. Incredible as it may seem, the more Annette dresses up like one, the more she *becomes* a real schoolgirl. It actually seems to change her identity.

Perhaps Annette is just one of those girls who've never grown up anyway. I recently presented her with a dog-eared, 1964 'Girls' Own Annual' which I'd picked up for a few pence on a market stall. Annette simply devoured it from cover to cover. 'Absolutely super!' was her enthusiastic verdict after she'd finished it.

Annette loves to sit and dream about being back at school, and to help her recall those days we frequently enact little fantasy-games in which I take the part of her stern schoolmaster and she my naughty errant pupil.

We go to great pains to make the 'lessons' as real and as genuinely educational as possible. Luckily enough I am in fact a university lecturer by profession so it's not that difficult for me to play the role of pedagogue.

We've set ourselves the goal of going through the entire school curriculum. We've already covered English and Maths—at the moment I'm putting Annette through her paces in French.

Annette has made the rather painful discovery that she's forgotten an awful lot of French since she took it at O level when she was 16. I say 'painful' because I tend to favour the old-fashioned teaching methods—more especially that of drumming knowledge into my dreamy, reluctant pupil the hard way: via her shapely, school-knickered bottom.

Because unlike most conventional girls' schools nowadays, the exclusively private educational establishment that Annette attends (situated in my secluded book-lined study at the back of the house) firmly believes in strict, uncompromising discipline. Corporal punishment—and plenty of it.

Annette has been getting the cane now for over two years, and she still doesn't like it one little bit. Usually it's applied to the seat of her cotton gym knickers while she's bent over touching her toes, but occasionally when she's done something really awful she has to take her knickers down and shamefacedly present her bare bottom for as many as six real juicy stingers with the swishy school cane.

And as for over-the-knee spankings, Annette gets one of those practically every schoolday . . . sometimes (especially at weekends when I've got plenty of time and energy to attend to her) several in the space of a few hours.

When those situations arise and Annette's really 'for it', I take great delight in spanking her *progressively*. By this I mean that she starts off the lesson in full school uniform: vest, knickers, socks, blouse, tie, pleated skirt etc. But she doesn't stay that way for long . . .

French Dictation provides an ideal vehicle for this unusual mode of schoolgirls discipline because Annette's ability to cope with the exigencies of the Gallic tongue (the grammatical complexities of masculine and feminine endings, past historic and imperfect tenses—not to mention those wretched squiggly things called 'accents') is, to say the least, rather on the limited side. I trust you will not find it at all tedious if I provide you with a detailed illustration, taken from an actual French lesson a week or two ago, of the point I am trying to make . . .

There I am at my study desk, a French textbook lying open in front of me. Annette, looking all prim and demure in her school uniform, is quietly seated on a wooden chair before me, dutifully clutching her grey school exercise-book and pen.

I begin to dictate a French sentence—deliberately going as fast as possible in order to fluster and confuse her. Annette does her very best to copy down the words into her book, frowning and grimacing with effort as she does so. On completion she hands me the work.

In an average sentence of, say, 20 words Annette is bound to have committed anything from five to ten errors of varying gravity—an 's' missed out here, an accent pointing the wrong way, or often a word totally

mispelt. Unluckily for her, the French language is, if anything, even more unphonetic than the English.

Annette sits fidgeting on the straight-backed beechwood chair, her hands clasped uneasily in her lap, while I subject her hastily scribbled work to a rigorous examination. Frowning severely, I ring all her errors in red biro and write out the correct version of each word on a line below.

Without a word I hand it back to her, instructing Annette to copy out her corrections three times. This is as much sound educational practice as it is punishment. I really do want her to improve her grasp of the language since we are hoping to go on holiday to France next year.

When she's completed her corrections I tell her to put her book down and stand up.

Annette reddens and tries to appear unconcerned. She looks extremely smackable—to all intents and purposes a proper schoolgirl toally under my domination and sway. It's hard to believe she's really a 28-year-old, fully-fledged woman, although it's *that* underlying realisation which makes the whole thing so nerve-tinglingly exciting.

The white cotton knee-socks emphasising her long coltish legs . . . her hair in bunches, slightly lopsided and a trifle untidy—straight out of St Trinians . . . her blue-red-and-yellow striped tie—bought from a school outfitters and actually part of the uniform of a school on the other side of the city—she's knotted it sloppily, as usual . . . Annette is all too aware that she's being closely scrutinised so she tries to pretend that she's studying the scuff-marks on her blue sandals. But she knows very well what's going to happen to her now and she's not looking forward to it in the slightest. In fact, secretly she wishes the ground would open up and swallow her.

The first instalment of these 'progressive spankings' consists of Annette, still in her full school uniform, groaning inwardly at the indignity of being made to go across my knee—a full grown young woman being treated like a naughty, misbehaving teenager—for a good sound spanking over the back of her navy-blue pleated skirt that just about covers her bottom

The number of smacks Annette receives depends wholly on the number of mistakes she's made in her dictation—multiplied by five. That means if she makes four mistakes she gets twenty hard, stinging bottom-smacks.

Annette does have the consolation of two layers of clothing, her skirt and her knickers, between her bottom and my hand—so this first spanking hurts her pride more than her person. The next spanking she gets—and it won't be long in coming—she won't be quite so well insulated . . .

Annette takes her punishment like a good girl, lying still and quiet over my lap while I administer a jolly good smacking to the seat of her school skirt, nicely plumped out by the erotic swell of her soft girlish buttocks beneath.

Although she doesn't utter a sound while I'm doing it, that doesn't mean Annette's enjoying it. Punishment is punishment, as Annette's found out from bitter experience.

Blushing with embarrassment she wriggles delightfully off my solid lap and, without looking at me, returns to her seat.

I dictate another sentence to her. It's a harder one this time because the passages are graded in difficulty.

Annette's pen skates furiously across the surface of the paper as she vainly attempts to keep up with me.

Once completed, she hands me the book again, and awaits my verdict in an unhappy silence. She looks at her nails, and then at her feet.

Of course there are plently of mistakes. More than before. Annette sighs apprehensively as, out of the corner of her eye, she watches my ball-point making one accusing red ring after another.

I return the book to her. Six errors this time. Annette does a rapid multiplication sum in her head, then gulps in alarm at the horrid prospect of being smacked on the bottom thirty times.

And this time Annette will have no skirt to protect her, because it'll be up round her waist, and she'll be spanked on the tight seat of her knickers . . .

Back over my knee she goes, breathing fast and deep in pre-spanking anticipation. I flip up the back of her skirt. Annette's wearing typically schoolgirl, white aertex knickers, stretched taut over the engaging plumpness of her soft round bottom cheeks.

I cannot resist patting Annette's sexily upturned bum. I tug up the waistband of her aertex pants so that they're even tighter than before I can see her bottom-cleft, beckoning seductively through the thin cotton fabric.

I stroke the inside of her thighs with delicate upward movements, my fingers gently brushing the warm, dampening knicker-gusset. Annette starts to moan softly, swaying her naughty bottom to and fro in response to my carresses.

Then once more I raise my hand and bring it down sharply on Annette's quivering flanks. Thirty loud, resonant, stinging bum-smacks. With only her knickers to absorb the painful impact, it's hardly surprising that Annette does not react quite as stoically as before.

She kicks her shapely legs and bobs her head up and down in time to the relentless, insistant rhythm of the spanking. Her moans become increasingly urgent as her shamelessly writhing bottom begins to glow red, even through the Persil-white aertex material of her school pants.

Hot, flustered, and slightly dewy-eyed, Annette prises herself off my lap for the second time. Her hands sneak up under her skirt to furtively massage her burning rump. Annette would, at this moment love to pull her knickers down and cup each bare, stinging bum-cheek in her hands—but she knows that such immodest behaviour would not be tolerated in this particular educational establishment.

So instead, she meekly retrieves her pen and exercise book, and returns to her seat.

Annette grimaces and goes "Ooh!" as her extremely sensitive bottom comes to rest on the seat of the chair. Unfortunately for her, she actually has to sit on her knickers as her skirt is too short to cover her bottom when she's seated. This, in fact, is part of school regulations—we're very strict about skirt lengths and that sort of thing here.

I rattle off yet another piece of French dictation, much longer and considerably harder than the two previous ones.

Annette screws her pretty face up in an expression of desperate concentration as she vainly attempts to copy down my words, spoken at a machine-gun pace.

This time Annette really *is* upset because she knows she's got herself in a hopeless muddle, and because the next stage in the 'progressive punishment' is by far the most painful and humiliating . . .

Sheepishly she hands me her book. She feels intensely guilty and awfully foolish, like a child who's just broken her daddy's front-room window. As I suspected, she's written nothing but a meaningless jumble of strange words that bear no resemblance to any language whatsoever—French, English, or for that matter, Hindustani.

I make no attempt to correct her work. It's quite beyond redemption. Instead I simply tell Annette in a kindly, but rigidly firm tone of voice, that I'm *very* much afraid but she'll just *have* to . . . take her knickers down.

"Oh—do I really have to?" she pleads, blushing more furiously than ever before.

I tell her patiently that if I was to count up every single error she'd made in that last piece of dictation, and multiply it by five . . . well, the end result would be that she'd not want to sit down for a *fortnight* after I'd finished with her bottom . . . so she might as well be a good girl, take down her knickers and go over my knee for what will be, under the circumstances, a very fair and lenient bare-bottom spanking, let's just say forty smacks.

"But my bum . . ."

"Bottom," I correct her pedantically.

"My bottom's already so sore!" Annette wails poignantly. "And if you give me another forty on my bare bum—ooh sorry, sir, I mean 'bottom'—well, that's going to hurt *awfully*. I'm sure it'll make me cry!" Annette cringes and wrings her hands agitatedly at the horrid prospect.

I tell her, rather crossly, that I have every intention of making her cry—and that if she doesn't get her pretty little aertex paints down smartish it'll be the worse for her!

Reeling under my threats, Annette puts her hands up beneath her navy-blue skirt, hooks her fingers in the waistband of her knickers and, very reluctantly, begins to pull them down to below her knees.

She looks all silly, flustered and girlish. She finds this part of the proceedings always so horribly embarrassing—it gives her that peculiar lurching feeling in the pit of her tummy . . . and that even *more* peculiar prickly, itchy feeling in between her legs . . .

After all, she tells herself ruefully, fully grown young ladies—even though they *are* dressed as schoolgirls—normally take down their pants in front of men not to be spanked . . . but for that 'other thing'.

It's really all very confusing for Annette—she feels she's got her wires crossed somewhere and she's so at sea she just doesn't know how to react to the sheer awfulness of it all.

Then again, she has to admit to herself that there *is* something a teeny-weeny bit pleasurable about getting spanked . . . that excitingly dangerous hot, palpitating feeling spreading all the way down her frantically wriggling rump until it ends up in between her legs . . . but it really *does* hurt her, too, and she nearly always ends up in floods of tears. So how on earth can a girl cry *and* feel nice at the same time? It's one question for which Annette, try as she may, can never find an answer.

For the third time the madly blushing girl postions herself ignominiously over my awaiting lap. This time her white cotton knickers dangle like a flag of surrender around her trim little ankles.

Up goes her skirt at the back. Annette groans aloud with mortification at the thought of what I'm feasting my eyes on: the plump pulchritude of her adorably dimpled, peachy-round bottomcheeks—cherubically pinkened from the two previous smackings they've already received.

I warn her that on no account must she try to protect her naked bottom with her hands while I'm punishing her, and accordingly I recommend that she grip the lower rungs of the chair and on no account let go of them.

Annette gives a little whimper but does as she's told, only too-eager to please me now that I've got her pinned helplessly over my knee, half-naked and totally at the mercy of my every whim.

"Forty smacks on your bare bottom, Annette," I remind her gloatingly," and I trust that this punishment will have some beneficial effect, both on your behaviour—which I consider slovenly in the extreme—*and* on your academic progress!"

My eyes are twinkling and my tongue's a trifle in my cheek as I utter these words, but poor Annette can't see the expression on my face from where she's lying—and anyway she's far too concerned about the welfare of her precious bottom to detect or appreciate the humour.

At the moment she's trying hard to act the big, brave girl—but it's a losing battle right from the onset . . . and she has a job to fight back the tears as I run my hand questingly all over her soft round, sexily elevated flanks.

Once, to really teach this cheeky young madam a lesson, I spanked her in front of a mirror—so Annette could see just what an indecent spectacle she made of herself, what with her naked bottom pumping up and down uncontrollably and her legs wildly kicking and scissoring.

She's never forgotten that picture of herself, and I'm sure that it always springs to her mind just before a bare-bottom punishment.

Annette's lovely bottomcheeks look a bit like two delicious pink blancmanges, wobbling ever so slightly—soft yet firm, without a trace of excess fat on them—as I straighten my legs a little at the knees, so as to better support her sweet adorable body spread out before me.

SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!!

I put all the strength I possess into this, the third spanking in the sequential spanking exercise.

SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!!

"Ooh! Ouch! My poor bum!!" Annette squeals in rising alarm.

"*Bottom*, Annette!" I correct her yet again.

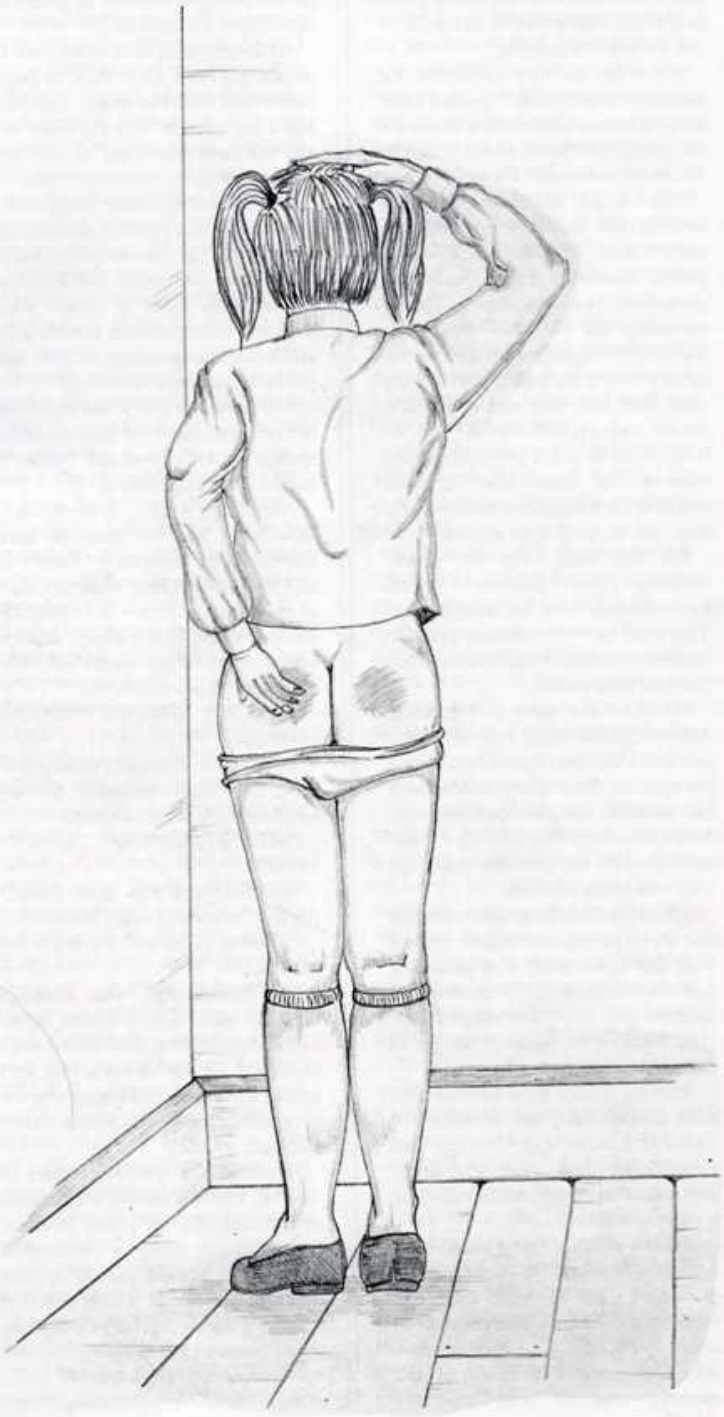
But bottom or bum, bum or bottom—what does it matter to the luckless Annette at this critical stage of things? All she knows is that she's getting a jolly good walloping where it hurts most of all—right where Nature intended.

Regardless of her loud cries of distress, I deliver smack after smack after smack to those pinkly blossoming, feverishly surging, provocative buttocks of hers. I marvel at how different the sound is now that I'm smacking her on the bare flesh, compared to when I was doing it to her over the seat of her knickers. It's much noisier, more reverberating, with

Annette's knickers down. When she had them on they tended to slightly muffle the crisp, sharp impacts.

I make a mental note to add this valuable data to the school curriculum . . .

Three minutes, and thirty-two more bottom-smacks later, a quite dramatic change has overtaken Annette. Her hot, weaving bottom is now a patchwork quilt of angry red finger-marks, from the tops of her thighs practically all the way up to the small of her back. She's the living epitome of a well-spanked schoolgirl —scarlet-faced, scarlet-bottomed, and blubbering noisily for all she's worth.



She vows she'll be a good girl from now on, and try her *very* best to do better at her French dictation . . . but somehow I have my doubts about that . . . and anyway, I haven't quite finished with her yet, as she well knows . . .

It only remains for the 'grand finale' of the progressive spanking to take place.

This involves making the soundly-spanked Annette stand before me yet once more, her fallen knickers dangling around her ankles. She's very tearful and most gratifyingly penitent, and she's furiously rubbing away the hurt from her sore, throbbing bum—correction, bottom.

Then I order her to slowly divest herself of every garment she has on—tie, blouse, vest, skirts, socks, even knickers totally removed. She looks even prettier now she's naked.

She gazes at me, those big hazel eyes of hers still brimming with contrition.

"My bum's *awfully* sore, sir," Annette informs me in a whisper, no trace of resentment in her voice.

"*Bottom*, Annette," I murmur huskily, unable to keep my eyes away from her deliciously tantalising pubic mound. Somehow I find it very hard to be cross with her still. She looks so pathetically vulnerable, so sweetly submissive, she melts my heart.

So I give the naked, chastened girl one last French dictation, a really easy one this time, from the front of the book—all that 'la plume de ma tante est dans le jardin' stuff, which she miraculously manages to get all right.

I feel intensely gratified. My ever-so-slightly unusual teaching methods, spankings included, are thus totally upheld and justified. They really *do* work!

Annette's a great credit to me, in fact I'm quite proud of her, and I feel perhaps it's time that I rewarded her. After the stick—the carrot . . . lead her slowly upstairs to bed.

"What would you say to an early night, Annette, my dear?" I ask, full of schoolmasterly concern.

Annette nods, shyly averting her gaze from the conspicuous bulge in the front of my trousers. She tries ever so hard not to betray her eagerness.

It was the second – and final – day of Marie's stay with her sister. The previous day's spanking and, more to the point, dose of her late father's tawse had served to ensure that her behaviour wasn't far short of impeccable. There was no way that she was going to give Heather reason to repeat her chastisement. The school outfit, too, had had quite an effect upon her; making her feel younger and more at risk than she would otherwise have felt.

Her sister was delighted with Marie's disposition. There was no reason to give the girl any reminders as to what would befall her should she stray from the straight and narrow while under her roof. Unbeknown to Marie, though, was the fact that, no matter how well-behaved she was, she was still in for a damn good hiding before she left for home later that day . . .

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Heather called the girl into her study. Immediately, Marie finished what she was doing – her sister's washing-up – and reported to the study within seconds.

"Yes, Heather," she said, smiling sweetly.

Her attempt at wide-eyed innocence didn't fool the young woman. "Tell me, Marie," she began as she sat at her desk looking up at the girl, "Do you reckon that yesterday's little lesson has taught you anything . . . eh?"

"Y-Yes, Heather," Marie enthused.

"And what, pray, would that be?" Her voice was strangely threatening.

"Er . . ."

"Well, girl . . . I'm waiting."

"Er, it has taught me not to make mum's life a misery . . ."

"And . . .?" Heather's tone becoming more and more menacing by the second.

"Er, and not to take pot or . . . or . . . play around with boys, Heather."

"Good," her sister intoned briskly. "And do you consider that such treatment of your naughty young bottom is no longer necessary . . . that you have learned through the administering of that tawse never ever to cause mother any further anxiety?"

"Yes, Heather . . . Oh, yes," Marie replied instantly, aware now of a very definite threat in her sister's tone. "Honestly, Heather."

"Hmmm . . . well I'm not sure . . ." She lifted a finger to stop her sister speaking. ". . . And neither is mother. I spoke to her on the telephone just this morning, and she is not entirely convinced that her darling University student of a daughter will not – as soon as she returns to her studies – fall back into her old, disobedient ways." Marie cast her eyes downwards. Something was telling her that a further dose of her father's strap was beckoning. Heather interrupted her thoughts. "That is why, Marie, we have come to the joint decision that, before going back home, you should receive another thrashing . . . just to make sure, so to speak."

Marie was crestfallen. She had done absolutely everything to get onto the right side of her sister. And now, despite all her efforts, she was to be punished again. It really was, she felt, not fair.

"But . . . Heather . . ."

"What?!" her sister snapped.

"Well . . . you've already punished me and . . ."

"Go on, Marie."

"Well . . . I don't think I need to be whacked again . . . not with that horrid strap."

Heather rose from her seat. She gently pushed Marie over the back of her chair and lifted the back of the girl's skirt. Holding the garment in position, clear of her sister's beknickered bottom, she raised her right arm and brought her hand down onto the back of Marie's right thigh. The girl squirmed and emitted a shrill squeal. No sooner had her right thigh been smitten, her left one came in for the same treatment.

In all, six slaps to each thigh were administered, with Heather really swinging the last couple in – causing Marie to go up on tip-toe as palm met quivering flesh.

"Pleeease . . . no more, Heather . . . pleeease," she implored.

"Don't be such a baby," the young woman chided, "you've had nothing yet."

The spanking and strapping of the previous day had been bad enough – indeed, the tawse was a good deal more painful than her sister's hand on her bare thighs – but this type of chastisement was so mortifyingly childish. She felt just like a naughty kid as the slaps fell stingingly onto her legs. This, plus her sister's final words about her not having had anything yet, brought a little tear to her left eye – followed by another and another until her cheeks were quite wet. Heather noticed this, but just brushed it aside. "Cry baby," she rasped. "A few slaps and the tears flow . . . You wait until I *really* start, my girl."

With that, Heather landed the final stinging swipe to the very top of her

St Angela's
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Set in rolling acres on the edge of downland, St Angela's. Here girls are moulded into young women . . .
However, this can be a slow process . . . Diane Cox of IB, absent minded in French . . .
It's that fabulous delivery boy again!
. . . I must get him interested in me . . .
PLAZA
. . . go to a film . . .
. . . and . . . then—
EXIT
oooohh
CLASS DISMISS! —DIANE COX! —REMAIN!
With a bang Diane hits earth again Old GILL hasn't been asleep . . . He wants an explanation for Diane's blank exercise book . . .
NOTHING! Diane you are simply impossible!
Poor Diane
oh cripes!
Mr Gill goes to his cupboard . . .
SIGH
WHACK
!HHHHHHA
Familiar sounds echo around the Quad made by . . .
. . . a cane on a young lady's bottom!
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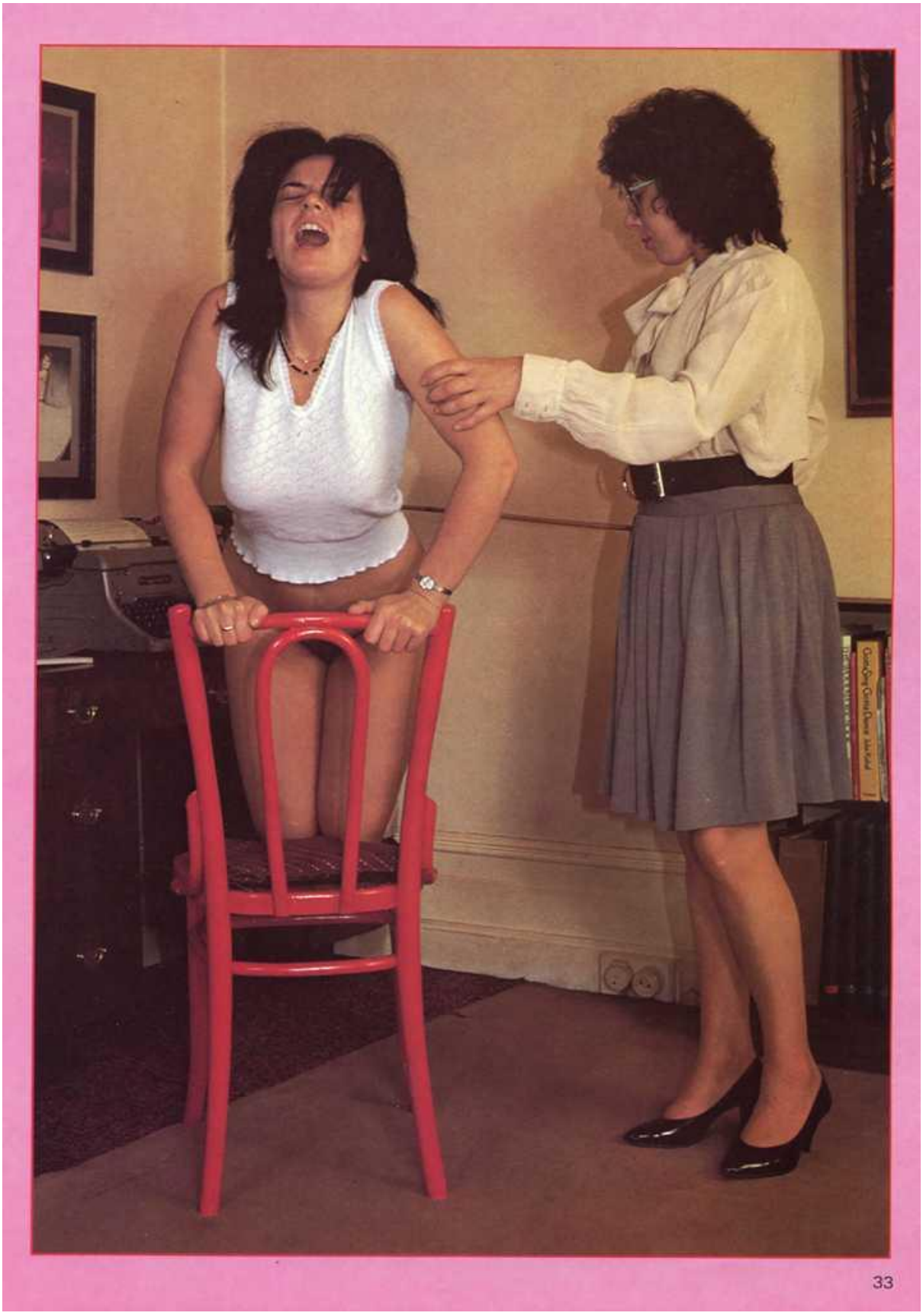

sister's right thigh, just below her white school knickers. Marie winced with the pain and tried her hardest not to make too much of a fuss.

Heather stood back, ensuring first that Marie's skirt stayed in place. Her sister's thighs were already taking on a reddish hue as she sniffed back the tears, saying in between each sniff, "Please no more, Heather . . . please."

"Were you not listening?" her sister asked of her. "Did you not hear me? I said that mother and I have agreed that you should receive a thrashing . . . Do you honestly believe that what I have just handed out falls into the category of a thrashing? . . . Well . . .?"

Marie was lost for words. Just what had her sister in store for her? Whatever it was, she felt certain that her bottom was not going to like it one bit.

She stayed bent over the back of the chair, her hands flat out on the top of the desk. Her sister hadn't told her to remain in position, but neither had she instructed her to stand. For fear of landing herself in deeper trouble, she decided not to budge an inch.

The room fell silent. Marie had no idea of what could be going on behind her, and just gathered that Heather must have been standing there, surveying her handiwork. She felt so strange, so vulnerable, as she stood there bent over, her bare thighs on show. Not for the first time the idea crossed her mind to just get up, pack her bag and go. The only place she *could* go, though, was home – and home meant her mother. She could just imagine what sort of reception she would get there. Apart from anything else; apart from further angering her parent, there was the feeling that, in a strange sort of way, she actually *deserved* to be punished. She recalled how she had felt as she lay in bed the previous night.

The throbbing in her bottom had abated and she was left with a weird – almost pleasurable – warm glow. Also, there was the feeling of having paid for her 'sins'; that by the administering of her father's strap she had atoned for all the bad she had done; that all the worry she had caused her poor mother had – through her sister's treatment of her nether regions – been taken care of; that the slate had been wiped clean.

It was a feeling she had not experienced for some years. Not since her father was alive, when her every wrong doing was punished, had she enjoyed such a sense of relief. Relief that her waywardness had been dealt with, and that she was a suitably contrite young lady. Naughty, yes, but having paid for her naughtiness.

While this feeling had given her a deliverance from the awful guilt that had been hanging over her – guilt that was intensified when she saw her mother's tears – and while the afterwarmth of her strapping had not been unenjoyable, Marie did not fancy the idea of having to go through another beating. Her sister, though – along with her mother – had other ideas. It was a course of action that was more than called for, they felt – and, like it or not, young Marie was going to have to accept it.

Heather spoke. "Do you agree that a thrashing is what your despicable behaviour warrants, Marie?"

The girl did, in fact, agree that a good hiding was something that she had asked for, but felt that the strapping of the previous day had seen to that. "But . . ."

"Yes, girl . . . speak up!"

"Well," Marie replied, looking around from her bent over position, "you punished me yesterday, Heather . . . I don't think . . . I don't think it's fair to . . ."

Her sister interrupted her. "You don't think you deserve any more, eh? Well, as I have explained, mother and I think otherwise. Now, do you agree that you have earned a damn good hiding or not?"

Marie turned her head away again, bowed it and, staring at the desk-top, said, "Yeah . . . I suppose so," in a barely audible voice. Her sister asked her to repeat what she had said. "Yes," she replied more clearly, "Yes, okay."

"Good," Heather responded brightly, "then I shall get on with the matter in hand."

She moved over to Marie's right, and it was then – with her eyes following her sister – that the girl noticed for the first time the object hanging from the top her sister's bookcase. Quite how she hadn't noticed it earlier she didn't know. All she *did* know was that this thrashing that she had been sentenced to was not now to be by way of a strapping; that her late father's trusty tawse was not, on this occasion, going to be administered to her poor bottom. Her punishment was to be administered with the able assistance of a cane – a long, slinder length of horrid, yellowy-brown bamboo.

. . .taking hold of the waistband of the tight knickers, she dragged them down over the curves of her bottom. . .

Marie had never been thrashed with such an instrument before – with the one exception of the time her House Master gave her a couple of strokes across her right palm for swearing at a fellow pupil in class. It had hurt like hell for sure, but she couldn't help thinking that it would prove to be as nothing when compared with what she was about to undergo at the hands of her caring and very domineering sister. At least she had the protection of her school pants . . . unless, of course, Heather chose to take them down. Surely she wouldn't, would she?

It was is if her sister had heard Marie's unspoken question. As she leant over towards the cane she stopped and, taking hold of the waistband of the tight knickers, she dragged them down over the curves of her bottom so that they encircled the very tops of her thighs. She then took hold of the cane in her right hand and stood behind the girl, bending and flexing the lithe implement.

"I think we'll have these knickers right off, shall we?" she intoned, and, not waiting for a reply, yanked the garment down her sister's long legs, over her feet and off. She placed them neatly on a nearby chair and resumed her flexing of the cane.

She raised the length of thin bamboo into the air, paused, then brought it down towards the target. It fell with a 'Swishh!' and landed with a terrifying 'Thwackk!' across the centre of Marie's naked bum-cheeks.

. . ."I think we've had enough of your childish pleadings for one day, Marie," she announced . . .

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Marie emitted an agonised yell. Her guess had been correct; it *was* far worse than she remembered it when she had got those two strokes across her hand a couple of years back. There had been the awful wait, the sound of it whipping through the air, the noise of it coming into contact with her naked posterior and then . . . then the pain. It was quite the worst flash of pain she had ever experienced but, unlike the tawse, it seemed to last only a second or two. There was then a sort of dull ache; a sort of numbness, as she awaited the next stinging stroke.

Heather told her sister to get up and take off her blouse, telling her that it was in danger of getting in the way. Marie was only too pleased to be afforded a break, and she rose from the chair and began to unbutton the garment, taking it off and putting it to one side. She immediately received a sharp slap to the front of her left thigh.

"Untidy little urchin!" she spat at the girl. "Pick that up and fold it neatly . . . this second."

Marie scurried over to where the blouse lay in a crumpled heap, folded it as neatly as she could and placed it carefully on a chair. "Sorry," she whispered as she returned to the corner of the room.

"I should think so, too," Heather commented. "You really are a most shameful girl, aren't you, Marie? I don't know where you get it from . . . Certainly not your mother or myself." Marie just stared at the carpet feeling very, very small and oh so naughty. Heather certainly had a knack of making her feel childish and in need of discipline. "We will continue your thrashing," she told the girl, having a good, lingering look at the stripe now appearing on the young girl's backside.

"Please, Heather . ."

The young woman lifted a silencing finger. "I think we've had enough of your childish pleadings for one day, Marie," she announced. "Now . . . I want you to bend over for the next few."

Marie was amazed at how casual her sister could make the whole thing sound. 'The next few' indeed. Just how many did she intend giving her?

She bent as instructed, forcing her hands down towards the floor. Sometimes her father had chastised her in this position, and the adopting of the stance brought the memories flooding back. How stupid she felt as she bent, her bottom on full display to her elder sister. And how utterly vulnerable . . . with her sister only feet away, the cane in her hand.

She waited for the second stroke. The first had surprised her with the amount of pain it carried with it, and she was certain that the second, if anything, would be worse.

Heather held the cane firmly in her right hand, raised it and . . . 'Swishh! . . . Thwackk!' – it landed. It had fallen higher up than the previous stroke. Marie gave out a pained squeal and fell forwards with the force of the blow. She steadied herself on the chair and resumed her position.

"You will be doing yourself a favour," her sister informed her, "if you stay in position, Marie."

"S-Sorry, Heather," she whispered.

"I'm pleased to hear it . . . Now, shall we continue?"

She drew the cane upwards again, and again it came swishing down towards Marie's naked rear. 'Thwackk!' – the third stroke had landed, and the recipient let out a strangled yelp.

Marie's breathing had become heavy and as she awaited the cane's next visitation to her bottom she inhaled and exhaled very deeply indeed. She heard the swish, then the thwack, as the next stroke found its spot. A split-second after hearing this the pain from the stroke invaded her bottom, searing through her nervous system like an express train with a cargo of hurt. Her cry was far more audible after this cut. She emitted a heart-felt "Arghhh!" on receipt of it, and her arms flew behind her to rub her stinging rear.

Heather allowed her a little feel. As soon as her hands found her bottom, Marie quickly took them away. Then, being far more careful, she returned them to the flesh of her punished backside. She felt the weals that were appearing and hugged a cheek in each of her sweating hands. She let out a moan as the comparative coolness of her palms met with the white-hot heat of her caned bottom.

. . .the pain from the stroke invaded her bottom, seering through her nervous system like an express train with a cargo of hurt . . .

Her sister tapped her hands with the cane, and Marie took them away and bent over properly once more. The cane was raised and it fell for the next stroke – right across the centre of her bum. Another squeal left her lips, and again she flung her arms back in an attempt to soothe her burning flesh. This time, though, she was not allowed such a luxury, and her arms went back down in front of her.

"You must learn to take your medicine better than this," Heather told the girl. "You really do make such a fuss, don't you, girl?" There was no reply. "Well . . .?"

"Y-Yes, I s'pose so," came the girl's reply.

"You were the same when father thrashed you . . . Forever bleating like a poor, lost lamb. Take it like the grown-up you think you are."

Heather gave Marie one further stroke in this position. Balancing herself on the carpet and raising the rod high in the air, she let fly with her arm – the cane was a blur as it sped through the air.

'Thwackk!'

"Arghh! . . . Ohhh!!" Marie cried as the cane landed diagonally across an earlier adminstered stripe. Her hands went to her bottom, and Heather tut-tutted as she witnessed the display her sister was making.

"Allright," she snapped, "Stand up, Marie."

Marie, her whole body aching and stiff, straightened up and stood, panting, hands at her sides awaiting the next instruction.

"Take hold of that chair," Heather commanded, "and turn it around with its back facing the desk."

. . .raising the rod high in the air, she let fly with her arm, the cane was a blur as it sped through the air . . .

Marie obeyed without hesitation. She had no idea what was in store for her now – whether her punishment was over at last – but she certainly didn't want to anger her sister any the more by disobeying any of her orders.

"Right," Heather barked when the girl – tears welling in her eyes – had accomplished the task and stood in front of her. "You will now kneel on the seat of the chair and bend over."

"But, Heather . . ."

"No 'buts'!" the young woman scolded her sister. "You will do as you are told . . . or else."

Marie preferred not to think what the 'else' could comprise of, and meekly went over the chair, kneeling on the hard wooden seat and grasping hold of its back.

The cane was lifted, there was a long pause, then down it came, landing yet again on Marie's naked cheeks. The girl breathed in hard and then gave out a squeal as the pain surged through her body. A teardtop dripped onto her right cheek ad coursed down intil it met her mouth and she tasted its salty flavour. Before she knew what was happening another stroke fell – this time across the lower portion of her rear.

Such was the force of this one, and such was the speed with which it followed its predecessor, that Marie and chair fell forwards towards the desk. She thrust out her arms to balance herself as the chair fell against the desk. Her hands met the desk-top and she hung there as the pain sunk in.

Heather helped her back into position – the chair returning to its original place. "Now, stay there, young miss," she said, "I don't want to give you extra."

Marie was not convinced. She felt fairly sure that her sister would like nothing better than to be given reason to extend this punishment, and she wasn't going to give her that reason if it could be helped.

The cane fell again and another area of pain was opened up to the girl. She wriggled about on the chair – her knees hurting on the painted wooden surface of the seat. Her plump backside contorted as she was kept waiting for the next cut. The cheeks of her bottom opened and shut involuntarily as he sister stood back admiring her work. How proud mother will be when she inspects her naughty daughter's marks, she mused, allowing herself a little smile.

"Alright, Marie," she snapped, "you may get up."

Marie couldn't believe it. Was it *really* all over? Had she taken her last stroke? She got off the chair awkwardly

. . . "I told you, Marie . . . no 'buts'. . . You will receive one extra stroke for that, young lady.". . .

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and was about to put her hands on to her stinging rear when she thought better of such a move.

She was ordered to turn the chair around again and kneel back on its seat.

"But, Heather . . ."

"I told you, Marie . . . no 'buts' . . . You will receive one extra stroke for that, young lady." Marie let out a long sigh. "You are to receive four more . . . And I want you to count each one aloud . . . Do you understand?" Marie nodded. "I can't hear you . . ." Heather yapped.

"Yes . . . Yes, I understand."

"Very well, then. Now, kneel on the chair."

Marie did as she was told. At least now she knew how many she had left. As she got herself into position her sister, moving around her, reminded her that "any nonsense" would earn extra strokes. She made her mind up there and then that, no matter how awful these final cuts were, she would take them as bravely as she possibly could; that she wouldn't move, wouldn't try to avoid any of them and wouldn't put her hands to her bottom.

Up the cane went, and down it swished — onto the bare cheeks of Marie's bottom.

"Ohh! . . . One," she forced out as the thin bamboo whipped across her cheeks.

'Swish! . . . Thwackk!'

"Arghh . . . Two!"

'Swish! . . . Thwackk!'

"Threeee!!"

"Right, Marie," her sister said from somewhere behind her. "Your last stroke."

With that, the stick was raised for the very last time. Down it swished as the girl's backside quivered in anticipation.

"Owwww! Awwww! . . . F-F-Four!!"

All became silent. Only Marie's breathing could be heard. Then, Heather spoke.

"Good girl. You took that well . . . You may get up now."

Marie yet again clambered off the chair, putting it back into place in front of the desk. Heather went off out of the room to return moments later with the girl's clothing. She told her that she could get back into her clothes, that she no longer was to be treated as a naughty schoolgirl. "That is," she said as Marie left the room, her bare bottom wobbling as she went, "providing you don't act like a naughty schoolgirl again."

Marie — laying naked on her bed that night, face downwards, her right hand gently caressing her warm bottom — wasn't going to give her sister reason to punish her in the future. She had learned just how mortifying and painful such an experience could be.

Now, though, with the pain gone and with that strange tingly warmness ebbing and flowing through her young, trembling body, she felt decidedly sexy. Could it be that getting one's bottom whacked turns one on? she wondered. With a gentle pat of her hand on her right bottom-cheek she smiled to herself and, telling herself that such an idea was preposterous; that the reason she felt so warm and randy and excited was due to the fact that she hadn't 'had it' for almost a week, she closed her eyes and dropped asleep. She didn't sleep well that night, though. Her dreams were all about spankings and canings and . . .

These dreams kept waking her up. Just *what* was happening to her? Had that whacking woken something inside her? Her right hand gently massaged her warm bum-cheeks as her left hand strayed elsewhere. Whether or not there was anything in this weird idea, she *did* feel particularly excited and . . . well . . . if there weren't any boys around to call upon the services of . . .

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Regular readers of *Roue* will hopefully have read the stories, *A Victorian Trifle*, in issue 32, and *Red Roses for Rosella* (no 33). These pieces—along with *The Headmaster Lends A Hand* in this issue—come from the pen of one Rebecca Walker—a fascinating young lady who, together with contributing to the continued success of *Roue* in this capacity, will also be looking after the correspondence section of the magazine; commenting on your letters and dealing with any problems or queries you might have. Also, 'Becky' will be writing about her experiences in the field of CP and giving us her views on the subject in her own monthly column—the first of which appears below. So, why not get scribbling or dust-off that old typewriter? Rebecca is waiting to hear from you . . .

Rebecca writes...

Dear Readers,

As a young woman writing for Roué *I have to be* very *careful what I say amid all the stories and pictures of naughty girls being spanked.*

Ten minutes ago I was caned (three strokes) and then spanked for not getting down to work on this column. I'd just returned from shopping; among my purchases was a pair of grey cotton school gym knickers — not the usual Montfort ones — these are made by Malro.

I made a resolution that I would always write this column wearing school uniform to really feel (Ouch!) what I'm writing about. So I decided to try on the new knickers.

Standing on a chair searching for a pair of white ankle socks in my wardrobe, my man suddenly appeared, lifted up my grey thigh high school skirt, murmured his approval and left.

'I will *get on with the column for* Roué,*' I said, 'really I will.'*

'You had better,' he replied gruffly from the spare bedroom.

A few seconds later, innocently (and unsuspecting) I was on my way to the bathroom when we bumped into each other on the landing. I had the shock of my life. He was brandishing that horrid cane. (The one that arrived years ago in a brown envelope, sinisterly bent double and secured with sellotape.)

He took me into the spare bedroom, pushed me onto the bed into a crumpled duvet and pillows and whacked my knicker-clad bum with the cane! Then he spanked me. I am now busy writing this article . . . I am sitting on a cushion . . . I really do feel like a naughty, just-been-punished schoolgirl!

I hope you like my picture. I know you can't see my face or that other interesting part, but that's because I am a genuine lady writer who has to account for everything *to the man who keeps me in order.*

Before I knew about Roué, *I didn't know that magazines like this existed. You see, I'd always thought that spanking was quite a normal demonstration of dominance in a relationship where man is the master. To be frank I found some of the other magazines a little disturbing — until Charles explained that it was just fantasy material. I thougth about this, and then about my own fantasies — which I'll tell you about at a later date. These made the stories and pictures quite acceptable by comparison.*

Yes, I want to stress the point that I — as a woman — feel that spanking, caning or whatever is completely normal. *To me it's just* one *manifestation of the male's* natural right *to dominate his women. (There are other manifestations, like shouting, bullying and thumping one's partner for real — which I call physical and mental violence. They're cruel!) Spanking is a good way of expressing sexual dominance. It fulfils the male need to be in control sexually. And . . . it turns* me *on! If I thought there was anything cruel about it, I'd run a mile!*

Having said briefly what I *feel about the subject, I'd love you to write in and tell me* yours, *on any aspect of the fascinating spanking spectrum! All letters will be treated in the strictest confidence. You can write to me, Rebecca, c/o* Roué *magazine at the address on page three of this issue.*

To return to the subject of school knickers! I gather that you men have quite an obsession with them. It may interest you to know that women have too!

I'll let you into a secret. If you've ever seen a petite young woman wearing seamed flesh-coloured stockings and teetering on high heels in Rackhan's Children's Wear, trying not *to look embarrassed — is probably me!*

I'd been sent there on a Montfort Knicker Expedition!

Oh! How I love the feel of the new thick cotton knickers in grey, green or navy, as the assistant lays them — suspiciously — on the counter. (After all you'd hardly go into raptures over a pair of gym-knicks if you were buying them for your daughter!). I'm always tempted to pick them up and feel their smoothness against my cheeks and fantasise about what they'd feel like cosseting my other cheeks!

The conversation between the assistant and myself (don't forget I'm a little too flushed in the face; a little too enthusiastic) goes something like this:

Me: 'Have you any . . . um . . . gym-knickers?'

Her: 'What size?'

Me: (problem here) 'Um . . . well . . . age 14 or thereabouts. No . . . age ten. I — she — I mean my daughter of course! — is small — no, large! . . . for her age. (hesitantly) I'd have to see them really. I never buy knickers by size.'

Her: 'Only one pair, madam?' (said with surprise-loaded sarcasm).

Me: 'Um, Yes . . . for now.' Assistant produces knickers. I frown. 'Oh no! Not those! They have to be just right. I . . . wonder if you have any cotton *ones . . . I mean, she doesn't like nylon ones. Says they itch.' (Assistant freezes. Returns unauthentic knicks to labelled drawer. Brings back cotton ones. I inspect the label).*

Her: (patronisingly) 'I don't see what the difference is myself. You don't go by the label. One make is as good as another, and all *our merchandise is good quality'.*

Me: (showing my embarrassment) 'Ah, Montfort . . . um . . . I'll take them. Size 12-14 looks about the right size for me'.

When I emerge from the store I am feeling a little faint. Thank goodness I'd reached the escalator before I realised what my last words were to the assistant . . .

Next month I shall tell you about my teenage years and the experiences which happened to me then. The very first of these unlocked the door, so to speak, of the 'punishment room' and the acknowledgement, years later, of a particular and very specific need . . .

Don't forget those letters!

Bye for now,

Rebecca

Letters

The Editor invites readers to put pen to paper and send in their own experiences in the field of CP. We never disclose names and addresses; anonymity is maintained at all times. Why not drop us a line? The address is on page 3. Go on — you must have something to tell us; if not an experience, then a comment or criticism. The following pages carry a sample of letters received at our offices, for which the Editor says a big 'thankyou' to those kind enough to contribute to *Roué*.

SPANKING IN THE CARETAKER'S SHED

Dear Sir,

I subscribe to a few CP-orientated publications and obtain pleasure from all of them. *Roue,* **though, is my favourite, dealing, as it does, with schoolgirl discipline in the most part. This is the side of CP that I am most interested in. I don't have a desire to see pictures of and read stories about office girls being spanked or airline hostesses, nurses, etc., getting their more grown-up bottoms attended to. These are only mildly enjoyable as they lack credibility. Maybe office girls and other adult young ladies** *do* **get spanked, but I am not really interested in this.**

I worked, until my retirement two years ago, as caretaker and handyman at a Girls' Boarding School in Durham. Many are the stories I have to tell, and there simply is not time or enough notepaper to recount all of my experiences. Girls were caned at the school up until five years ago, and I took great pleasure in seeing them waiting outside the Headmistress's study, hearing the punishment, and seeing them emerge, tearful and rubbing the backs of their skirts.

Maybe I shall write at a later date to tell of some of my experiences, but for now ask you to consider for publication one particular tale. It occurred ten years ago, but seems as if it were just yesterday.

It was a Monday morning, and I was in the shed near to the playing fields when I noticed some blue smoke coming from behind some trees. I walked ever so quietly over to the trees and saw one of the older girls squatting on the ground smoking. When she saw me she was horrified and begged me not to tell the Head. I took her back to the shed and locked the door from the inside.

I told the girl (I think her name was Mary or maybe Marion — a sixteen-year-old) that instead of telling the Head I would punish her myself. Although not keen, she agreed to this as it was far better than a trip to the dreaded Head's study and that nasty cane.

I sat down on my wooden bench and pulled her across my knees. She didn't struggle much and, anyway, I was far too strong for her. I lifted the back of her blue school skirt, revealing navy-blue cotton knickers. These I took down and her bare bottom came into view.

I spanked her for a solid three minutes in all (I timed it) on alternate cheeks until both were bright red and the girl was quietly sobbing. I then pulled up her pants, smoothed down her skirt and told her to go. As I unlocked the door she thanked me for not reporting her. I was only too happy to say: "That is quite alright, my dear".

The story has a strange, unexpected ending, and perhaps I'll write about that sometime soon if you choose to publish this.

Keep up with the good work, and one requst: Can we have more navy-blue knickers on your models?

Charles (Carlisle)

CANINGS IN THE COLONIES

Dear Sir,

I am told to ask you for another Correspondence Special Edition, also not to raise your price as your nearest competitor has done. Please remember: small is beautiful

as far as the price goes.

None of your letters refer in any way to the thousands of English children educated abroad in the colonies. My father was a secretary to a Consul, and as a family we travelled and were educated far and wide; my brothers staying in the UK at public schools where, I must add, they got themselves thrashed almost weekly — as was the case in those days. I also should have returned to the UK but mother wanted me near her, so I was allowed to remain with three or four other girls my age at a mixed school in Africa. We had to dress in a rigid uniform, far more rigid than any English school, and the main trouble was that we were growing fast and it seemed pointless buying new for us out there, so, hems were let down, shoulder straps of gym tunics let out and odd inches were gained to try to cover up our swelling thighs, the tops of which were encased in very tight, very regulation cotton, elasticated top and bottom school knickers. If they peeped below our tunics it was just too bad. I hated wearing them under a dancing tunic or a tennis dress but was made to. And I simply hated doing PT in just them and a blouse, but I had to. Well, anyway, it was hot and we were no longer juniors and the bigger boys realised this, as I expect the staff did too.

Our senior mistress — the Headmaster's wife — was in complete charge of us. She was a real stickler and very strict in thought, word and deed — especially deed, and with the stick. Our parents all approved of the use of the cane on both boys and girls and, no matter how grown-up we were. It was laid on the boys' clothed and unclothed bottoms with great relish in front of the class and even the whole school. Many boys sported lots of marks when in their swimming trunks, as I had myself on a few occasions.

Our uniform was brown and came from, I think, Daniel Neilsin in London. The boys all wore shorts, very brief and scout shirts with two front pockets, short sleeves and, because shorts were so short, many boys wore girls very tight school knickers underneath, but I don't suppose many of them, now posh and grown-up, would admit to it now; to having worn their sister's elasticated cotton school knickers. But we big girls knew as we saw them come down before they were caned in the Headmaster's lounge.

When a boy was caned he was sent to the lounge — this was the classroom for us girls, so we were perhaps doing private study. There would come a knock on the door, "Enter," we would bellow, and in would come some poor kid to be punished. They never knew what to do and were more frightened than ever when they saw us, and we girls got quite a kick to see the Head or his wife or the deputy put them through their paces.

First of all they would admit to their offence — they always had to do that — then the sentence and then the dreaded order to take down their shorts, followed by the order to take down their pants and bend over the chair.

The cane was long and thin — in fact they had about six which they kept hanging on hooks under a curtain so the parents didn't see them. We were not expected to show any interest in a boy or girl getting a tanning, but were supposed to get on with our work as if nothing was happening. Some joke! — we watched every detail, taking it all in as the cane swept down. Legs would go wide apart, little willies and balls would swing, boys would jump up and, grabbing their damaged bottoms, would leap around the room like frogs, showing all their manhood in the front, quite oblivious to us because of the pain inflicted by the sixth, seventh or even eighth stroke of that cane.

Some of the boys were senior boys, and they got it just the same as if we weren't there — no wonder I read Roue. Actually, big boys to be caned did pretend that we were not there and took it awfully well; few big ones cried. We were quite horrible to them, they would stutter; "I have been sent for the cane".- Well, you had to tell them to get ready. We would say: "Strip naked," and the silly twerps did as we giggled at them, and the teacher still walloped them, telling them to stand in the corner to recover, then dress. Most kids who entered that lounge found themselves well and truly tanned before they left, I can tell you.

Then, one day, a new big boy came to the school and he was sent for the cane. We got him undressed and, like fools, went upto him and grabbed his penis. The Head and his wife entered at the wrong moment. We were caught 'penis-handed' so to speak. So, three big girls ended up with their tunics off and their knickkers around their knees, and the boy saw us get six of the best. I was crying too much to see what he got. Worse still, when we had had our punishment we were sent in just our vests and knickers into the junior playground as a further punishment, and the Head's wife was so mad she looked at our book and we all found ourselves getting another dose within a week, and that time they took my knickers down and they told my parents when they met at the club that evening.

I must have seen hundreds of boys and girls get the stick, and of course I got it myself. Kids in the UK today just don't know what an easy life they have. Must stop. Don't forget the Correspondence Edition. Incidentally, I am a mother of three, they wear bottle green . . . and we cane them all.

Clare T. (Mrs).

PAST AND PRESENT

Dear Sir,

I have only been corporally punished twice in my life. Once by the Gym Mistress when I was sixteen and a year later by my dad. Since then my bum has come in for frequent whackings, but those have been administered as part of sexual foreplay by a couple of ex-boyfriends and by my present bed partner, Dave. It was Dave who really introduced me to the erotic side of CP; being an expert on the subject. He never goes too far; just giving me enough to get me juiced-up. All of Dave's spankings hurt, of course, but with the hurt there is a gorgeously warm, tingling feeling which never fails to arouse me. Anyway, enough about our sex-life. The reason I am writing to you is to tell you about those two hidings I received when younger.

Dave gets really turned on when I tell him about the incidents — which I do often — and he has asked me to write to you in the hope that you will see your way to publishing my experiences. In fact, he has warned me that if you don't publish it I will be in for a good hiding which, as can be seen from the enclosed snap shot (not, by the way, for use in the magazine) can mean a very red bottom for yours truly.

I had just turned sixteen when I got my first ever whacking. I had been fooling around during a PT lesson in the Gym, The teacher, Miss Jacket, told me off a couple of times and then when i ignored her threats she came for me with her slipper which she always carried around with her during Gym, swiping the backs of girls' legs if they played up.

Seeing her marching across the Gym with that slipper, I decided to climb up one of the ropes. I reached the top and refused to come down. It was all a great hoot for the other girls, and I felt really big and clever. For the remaining fifteen minutes of the lesson I stayed clinging on to the rope. Miss Jacket chose to ignore me and the lesson continued. When it was over I was told to get down but still I refused.

I finally clambered down when all the others had showered, dressed and gone (Ididn't want them to see me obeying the teacher, no matter how much my arms ached). I left the Gym and went into the changing rooms. Miss Jacket had gone as well and I thought I had won a famous victory. I undressed and got into the shower. Suddenly the water stopped, and I turned round to see Miss Jacket standing there, slapping her slipper in her hand. She ordered me out of the showers and I went over to my peg. She followed and before I could get to my towel she sat down on the bench and threw me across her lap.

Naked and soaking wet, I lay across her lap, held firmly around my waist. She told me that she would not be made a fool of in front of the others and that now I was going to pay for my misbehaviour.

People talk about how many strokes they received — I have no idea. That slipper just kept coming down onto my bare, wet bum time and time again in a torrent of whacks. I struggled like mad, but she was a strong young woman. My bum was deep red when I viewed it in the mirror afterwards. Needless to say, I didn't tell my friends or my mum and dad about the incident.

Dad rarely resorted to whacking at home. My elder brothers came in for the occasional hiding, but neither he or mum ever punished me in that way until, as I have said, when I was seventeen.

I stole three pounds from mum's purse with no idea that dad was standing there watching me. He sent me up to my room (my usual punishment), but then came up a few minutes later with mum. He asked me why I hadn't got ready for bed and, in front of them, I undressed and put on my nightdress (an ankle-length, flannelette garment coloured brown — right passion-killer if ever there was one).

When I had got into my nightdress and was getting into bed, dad told me that he was going to punish me, and pushed me face down onto the bed. He spanked me through the nightdress for what seemed like ages. I cried like a baby. He than left with mum and I just lay on the bed sobbing. I checked my bum afterwards, and it was a mess of red blotches. I may have had the protection of the flannelette, but it still hurt like mad.

Hope you publish this, and thanks for a super magazine. Dave buys it every month and we enjoy going through it in bed together before, of course, I get my poor botty warmed yet again.

Mandy (Chelsea)

Something of an Editor's dilemma here, Mandy. The photo which you were kind enough to pass on to me shows your well-reddened bottom to be most spankable. Along with my colleagues, I would have liked to have chosen not to publish your memoirs so that your delectable rear would have been dealt with by Dave. I have, though, decided against this course of action in the hope that, despite getting into print, you will still end up over your lover's knee — preferably without the protection of your 'passion-killer'. Ed.

LISA'S GRANDAD

Dear Sir,

I reckon to number amongst your oldest readers; a sprightly 61-year-old widower, I am a father of three, grandfather of seven and soon to become a great-grandfather.

My eldest, Jean, tragically lost her husband in the Autumn of 1982 — an event which left her the arduous task of bringing up her two daughters single-handed. The elder one has since married and is at present expecting a child of her own. The younger of the two, Lisa — on whom the letter is based — is nearly eighteen and still lives at home.

Jean's late husband was a staunch believer in strict discipline, and up until the time of his death had managed to rear two fine young ladies. It became apparent, though, fairly soon after their father's demise that, with his strong hand no longer available, their behaviour began to deteriorate.

Jean and I discussed the matter at great length and with some frequency, and both of us were well aware of the reason behind the girls' waywardness. A solution, we agreed, had to be found if their rebeliousness were to get them into serious trouble.

The eldest girl upped and left to live with her boyfriend — thus halving Jean's problem. There was still Lisa, though, and her behaviour, if anything, was showing signs of worsening further still.

It was in the Spring of last year when a very distraught Jean asked me if I would be so kind as to intervene and take care of Lisa's misbehaviour. It was I had held for quite some time, but one which I didn't suggest for fear of appearing over-interfering. Jean well remembered the hidings she had got from me when she had been younger and, certain of my ability and experience in this field, considered me to be admirably suited to such a task.

From that point on I have dealt with young Lisa whenever her mother has called upon my services. When Lisa plays up, Jean calls me on the phone to tell me of the girl's latest misdemeanour and then sends her round to me for suitable correction.

At first Lisa resented this. Over the last year or so, however, she has become accustomed to grandad's whackings and now accepts the situation.

Many will no doubt consider that a girl two months short of her eighteenth birthday is too grown-up to be punished in this way; that such treatment is degrading and humiliating for a young woman. Both Jean and I are adamant, though, that while Lisa remains at home and while

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her conduct is seen to be in need of correction she is still subject to chastisements. For her part, Lisa quite clearly goes along with this because, as a wage-earner and therefore having a good deal of freedom, she can if she so desires find a place of her own. Thus far there is no sign of her so doing, if her behaviour warrants it, her mother gives me a ring and an hour or so later round comes Lisa for her medicine.

Apart from the hidings, Lisa quite enjoys her visits to grandad. Once the punishment is over and she has recovered, there is always a little cuddle and a peck on the forehead from me just to show that, despite the assault on her bottom, grandad still loves her. We usually then enjoy a couple of hours playing scrabble or watching telly. I always prepare a nice little snack for her and even — providing she has taken her hiding well — allow her a couple of drinks from my cocktail cabinet, to "numb the pain", as I put it.

Providing Lisa's act of disobedience isn't particularly serious her punishment is fairly light; just a hand-spanking on her bare bottom over my knee. I smack just long enough to bring tears from one end a bright red blotchiness from the other.

Misbehaviour of a more momentous nature is dealt with much more severely. Whenever this course of action is called for Jean says the words, "Make it a special one, dad," down the phone. On these occasions I take a cane to Lisa — the same cane in fact that assisted in the bringing up of the girl's mother and two uncles. One such event occured just a fortnight ago and, running the risk of letting this letter become too long and boring, I will recall this event for you now in some detail.

One of Lisa's recurring faults is laziness. Jean has often told me how difficult a task it is to get her up in the mornings. She is frequently late for work, and her mother is constantly telling her that she'll get the sack before long.

Unbeknown to either of us, Lisa had actually been given an official verbal warning by her supervisor as to her punctuality — a warning that was followed up by a final, written, warning. Lisa told her mother nothing of this, and Jean only learned of it when tidying the girl's bedroom. She found the letter which warned of dismissal should her punctuality show no signs of improving.

Jean remonstrated with Lisa that evening and, phoning me up, said that the girl would be round to see me, telling me the reason why and concluding the conversation with the request to "Make it a special one". It was quite obvious that action — both urgent and serious — had to be taken, and I acceeded to Jean's wishes.

A woebegone Lisa duly turned up at my house about an hour later. I added a stiff lecture to the one her mother had told me she'd given the girl, and then went into action.

I instructed Lisa to strip down to her bra and knickers. Reluctantly she removed her dress, shoes, slip and tights and stood awaiting my next command. I took the cane out of the umbrella stand in the hall and, walking back into the lounge, swished it menacingly through the air. Lisa winced as she heard the sound.

I told her to kneel in the seat of the sofa and bend forward over its back. Standing behind her and slightly to her left I brought the cane down onto the seat of her pink nylon knickers. I gave her six strokes with half-minute breaks between each. She was crying quite audibly at the end and I told her to get up, gave her a reassuring cuddle, a peck on the forehead and told her to dress.

Afterwards she got a stiff drink and was allowed two cushions as we sat down to watch the telly. About an hour-and-a-half later she left and I phoned Jean to inform her of Lisa's thrashing and to tell her that the girl had taken it well and promised to be more punctual in the future.

To date Lisa hasn't caused her mother any further problems as regards getting up in the morning. She has — with the sting of grandad's cane — seen the light; realised that her job was in jeopardy. Her supervisor has even commented on her improvement.

No doubt there will be more visits to grandad for young Lisa, and I shall drop you a line again as and when I have something to report.

For the moment, then, thank-you for an excellent magazine which is improving with every issue. Good luck to you all.

Grandad (Bucks).

SOLUTION FOR NAUGHTY GIRLS

Dear Sir,

I am pleased to see Roue *firmly established again and providing exciting literature and pictures for all of us interested in the subject of corporal punishment for girls.*

In your issue No. 29 the letter from Sandra (Bucks) must have been welcomed by many of your readers and I can assure her that, so far as I am concerned anyway, she is not alone in her preference for reading about school discipline. That means, of course, as Sandra will agree, reading about girls' schools run on strict lines where girls are disciplined by being spanked, slippered, strapped or caned on their tender young bottoms, the punishment being in accordance with their ages and their degree of naughtiness.

I think Sandra, from her personal experiences, will agree also that corporal punishment is the most suitable and effective form of punishment for healthy schoolgirls.

As regards the punishment received by Sandra and her friend Angela, I think they got off rather lightly considering the seriousness of their offence and their ages. Sandra might not agree this time as her bottom was marked for eight days after the strapping, but I think that at least eight stinging strokes of the tawse or the cane on their bottoms should have been felt by these two very naughty girls.

Indeed, I am of the opinion that before a youngster is spanked or whipped she should be told to take down her knickers and ordered to bend over so that her completely bare bottom is nicely in position to receive the smart smacks or the stinging strokes of the corporal punishment she most certainly deserves.

There is another aspect of the punishment of girls which needs attention.

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Some people dwell on what they consider is the reforming nature of punishment, but I think this view is not supported by the facts as the case of Sandra shows. Healthy and lively schoolgirls are not naughty just once and stop misbehaving after an initial punishment – whatever form it takes. So, we have to consider what is the best and most effective way in which a naughty girl should be punished, and to regard the matter simply as a punishment problem and not one of reformation.

From this standpoint I think it becomes clear that the punishment should be of such a nature that the girl understands why she is being punished, because she actually suffers at the time of the punishment and for a while afterwards. This, I think, can only be achieved by giving a girl corporal punishment each time she is naughty enough to deserve it. For when a girl has her bottom soundly smacked or has to submit her naked bottom to a whipping with a stout leather tawse or a long swishy cane she will feel and understand at the time and for some while afterwards that she has been correctly and justifiably punished.

So I come to the conclusion that for girls corporal punishment is an excellent method of dealing with their naughtiness, and I would like it to happen that in schools plenty of bare bum spankings are given and are a frequent feature of the discipline. Girls should have to feel the smarting impact of leather two or three tailed straps or the awful sting of a pliant, swishy cane on their naked young bottoms.

I hope Sandra will keep her promise to write again in the near future to tell us about the further punishments she received and witnessed, and I share her wish that you keep Roue *"top of the class" in its coverage of school discipline.*

J. D. (Bromley)

TOMBOY'S HIDINGS

Dear Sir,

Thankyou for many interesting letters, some far fetched but, I suspect, many quite true. I know that a few years ago many boys and girls were corporally punished and even made to wear punishment dress – and it still happens today.

I am interested because I had a schoolgirl sister who simply loathed showing her knickers to anyone. If you wanted to get her into a temper or to get a thick ear, lift up her dress. Some boys tried it. She obviously had a hang-up about it from an early age – perhaps mum made her walk about in her knickers, took her shopping like that, I don't know. But I do clearly remember her wearing short tunics and frocks, showing off white cotton school knickers from behind when she walked.

At school she wore navy-blue shorts for gym and a brief games skirt for games. Her school uniform skirts were just above knee-level. I do not know the makes of any of her clothes as some of your readers do. Mum and dad knew she hated showing her pants, and used this as part of her punishment system in our home.

When she misbehaved – which was very often – she got the hairbrush, a big, black wooden brush – and after a very hard whacking as penance she had to put on a very short cotton dress which actually showed the back of her knickers. She detested that more than her tanning; the humiliation she endured was awful to her. Sometimes it lead to her being more disobedient or rude and this lead to further tannings and her having to wear her punishment dress for a longer period – once for four weeks in the summer hols, poor kid – and with navy knicks as well.

Now, you may well ask what my sister did that was so bad. Well, for a start she was a tomboy; she shouldn't have been a girl. She could fight any boy in the school and did, and won. I think she actually got the cane at school for fighting. She was expelled from Sunday school. She joined the Girl Guides and became a Queen Guide, then a Ranger. She became a county tennis player, a county hockey player – not being afraid of anyone or anything except the hairbrush and her punishment dress.

Now she is a gym mistress and wears brief tennis dresses and hockey skirts all the time – funny isn't it?

She used to play truant, went to the flicks, to pop concerts, was late home, walked along railway lines, climbed up the school tower and onto the roof, once stole the P.E. teacher's clothes when she was in the showers and the teacher had to call the caretaker to fetch more things to put on. She once sent a rude valentine card to the chairman of the Governors and got the cane for that. She roller-skated everywhere that she shouldn't, and many times she lined up with the boys to be punished. Usually, though, it ended up with dad taking her home to thrash her, and I ended up getting dragged into it and got a thrashing as well.

Why, I wonder, are knickers so sacred for a girl? They often wore brief ones under their school ones anyway, although Madge was never allowed to, and when her school ones were pulled down for a tanning in front of me – which was usual – then it was a bare bottom which came into view.

When she was smacked she always went up on her tiptoes as if to stop the pain and would then rush off to the loo, return and dress, pleading and pleading and waiting until another threat brought her to her senses and she would put on the dreaded cotton dress. When she had recovered – and twenty to twenty-five spanks on the bum with a large wooden hairbrush takes a bit of recovering from – she would come into my room. We were always the best of pals, and she would ask me to see how far she could bend before her navy knicks (pulled up as tightly as possible) could be seen. Sometimes her tanned bottom could be seen; angry red blotches. She would put her hands behind to feel for herself. I used to kid her on that her pants couldn't be seen when all the time they could, and I don't think she realised just what the village boys could see.

I think it mean to punish a big, growing girl in that way; a tanning was bad enough. Sometimes dad would take her or me and sit on a chair, place us between his knees in a vice-like grip and bend us across his left knee. Shorts would come down, kilts would come off, knickers and pants were pulled down for ten hard whacks on each side, often our hands held behind our backs to stop us putting them in the way of the whacking, mum standing there watching her naughty children being put in their place.

I used to feel very sorry for my naughty sister in her special short dress. She once spent a whole week in a hockey skirt bought for her when she was much smaller for stealing tenpence.

Sister would tell on me – girls do – but I never told on her, and she would confide in me after having a hiding. She liked to see my marks, but didn't like me to see hers. She used to cry awfully when she was punished. Once or twice I took her punishments for her; she had bad periods and with mum and dad